THE LIVING AGE

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for May, 1932

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

SIR ARTHUR SALTER'S new book, *Recovery*, 'A Whole View of the Crisis,' has made the general public acquainted almost overnight with one of the keenest economists that England has produced since the War. For eleven years he was director of the Economic and Financial Section of the League of Nations, where he became familiar at first hand with the problems of world peace and international coöperation. In these days, when even the most honest and able optimists are constantly being confounded, it is a wholesome relief to find such á man as Sir Arthur, who is able to keep his head and hope for the best in the face of long experience with the worst.

XAVIER DE HAUTECLOCQUE'S previous article on the British Secret Service, which we translated in our February issue, was supposedly a contributing influence to the temporary suppression of *Le Crapouillot*, in which it originally appeared. His account of Sir Basil Zaharoff's history, which he touched upon in his earlier article, is if anything more sensational. Some of his material is drawn from Richard Lewinsohn's *Mystery Man of Europe*, a life of Zaharoff that has already appeared in this country in translation but that makes no mention of Sir Basil's possible connections with the British Secret Service or the Freemasons. Due to the war in China the munition business has begun to boom again and we gather that some factories in Europe and America have been doing good business with Japan. If Zaharoff has any connection with the Far Eastern conflagration, it has not been publicly revealed. We know only that he paid a hasty and secret visit to the United States a few months ago.

THE new French raids on the dollar make Stefan Zweig's brilliant description of the vaults where the Bank of France hoards its gold especially appropriate. Readers of Garet Garrett's widely circulated articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* may recall his references to the chambers where most of the gold in Europe is buried eighty-five feet underground and protected by a layer of running water and a shell-proof encasement of armor plate. Several of Stefan Zweig's books have been published in this country in translation, the latest being *Mental Healers*, a collection of three essays on Mesmer, Mrs. Eddy, and Freud.

HENRY FORD'S rubber plantation in Brazil is one of the last and mightiest outgrowths of American prosperity. It was launched at a time when our automobile industry lived in fear of a British rubber monopoly and is to be modeled along the lines of the Dutch and English plantations in the East Indies. The Brazilians have always tapped their rubber from trees that grow wild in the jungle, but Mr. Ford is now going to organize rubber production as he has already organized so many other enterprises. Arnold Höllriegel, who travels all over the world as itinerant correspondent for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, gives a first-hand report of how things stand at the moment.

ILYA EHRENBURG is a young Soviet novelist, one of whose books, *Moscow Street*, has just appeared in this country in translation. His article on the café-sitters of Madrid is a fine piece of debunking; it reveals the romantic Spanish *caballero* for exactly what he is—a lazy and stupid drone. Incidentally, Mr. Ehrenburg is also the author of a novel dealing with the career of a magnate very much like Ivar Kreuger. Many German periodicals have been reprinting the final chapter of that work, in which the central figure dies of a nervous breakdown that was brought on by much the same kind of worries that caused Kreuger to take his own life.

LAST month we printed an appreciation of 'Alain' in our 'Persons and Personages'.

(*Continued on page 281*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

May, 1932 *Volume 342, Number 4388*

The World Over

ELEVEN months ago we reprinted from the London *Economist* the Directors' Report for the Year 1930 issued by the Kreuger and Toll Company of Stockholm and based on their financial statement for that year. It now appears that the balance sheet around which that Report was written 'grossly misrepresented the true financial position of the company,' in the words of the accountants who have just been investigating the late Ivar Kreuger's affairs. That a publication so disinterested and authoritative as the *Economist* should have unwittingly lent itself to spreading a spirit of false optimism is a significant sign of the times and almost leads one to believe that any hopeful interpretation of the world crisis must be false. Since we have been taken to task by many of our readers for the prevailing pessimism in our editorial notes and articles, we cannot refrain from calling attention to this sequel to one of the few encouraging analyses of world affairs that we have presented within the past year.

All of which is perhaps a rather pompous and self-conscious prelude. Essentially, the Kreuger suicide and the subsequent revelations were the inevitable outcome of the forces that have been at work in the world during the past few years. Mr. Kreuger, whose personal integrity and financial ability were highly esteemed throughout his life, made a bold attempt to do business with and in most of the smaller European nations and some of the larger ones. But the loans that he gave in return for being granted his match monopolies turned out to be weaker than his matches. As the *Economist's* special correspondent in Stockholm says:—

> After the event it is easy to be wise. Now that so many thousands have lost their savings in the shares and obligations of Kreuger and Toll, all Sweden agrees in con-

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demning the concentration of power almost without supervision in the hands of a single man who seldom spoke and disliked committing things to paper. To-day, Kreuger's intimates say that they have long seen that somebody ought to have possessed, in a durable form, the outline of the principles on which he worked. During his last days, it seems, he was urged to put down something of the kind on paper, but he could never be said to have a spare moment in which to do it. Yet his critics aver that this must have been, in part at least, because even he would have found the task exceedingly difficult.

No private enterprise has made a more thorough attempt to do business in all parts of Europe than the Kreuger and Toll Company. If its failure was due to excessive individualism, surely no more impressive evidence can be found in behalf of the necessity for some other form of control.

SIR HENRY STRAKOSCH, long a member of the Financial Committee of the League of Nations and one of the most important London bankers, has urged the House of Commons to adopt a policy of limited currency and credit inflation. The purchasing power of gold, he says, has recently performed 'incredible antics of a goatlike character' and wholesale prices should be raised 20 per cent. Such a process would not, he argues, create serious disequilibrium because the retail cost of living has dropped 11 per cent since 1928, and wages only 3½ per cent, as compared with a 24 per cent drop in wholesale prices. Thus, 'reflation' back to the 1928 wholesale price level would not involve any appreciable rise in wages and only a small rise in living costs. The next step would be to maintain stable commodity prices by a managed currency. Sir Henry Strakosch believes that if England took the lead other non-gold countries would follow. The London *Economist* indorses his thesis and comes to this conclusion of its own:—

The fact remains that to-day, given the present price level, the world is in a state of latent insolvency. Failing a restoration of the price level, is there any alternative but default on a scale that the capitalist system, accustomed in the past only to comparatively limited remedial bloodletting by way of bankruptcy, has never yet had to face?

WE REFERRED here last month to an article in the *New Statesman and Nation* by Godfrey Elton urging the British Labor Party to become more truly national and to break away from trade-union domination. This has now been answered by A. L. Rowse, an orthodox supporter of Labor, who defends the trade unions not only as the logical base of a working-class party but as an intelligent political force. He blames capitalism for the world depression and says that if Labor had not come into power in 1929 the inadequacy of the present system would have been clearly revealed. But Mr. Rowse does admit that his party faces a dilemma that he defines as follows:—

Which is it that the Labor movement exists to do—to carry on with complete respectability a decadent system, 'expiring,' as Swift says, 'with every sort of good

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symptom,' or to bring home the failure of that system to all classes of people and, taking advantage of that failure, to take over and create a new system? That is the whole meaning of the choice between national unity and socialism; it is a piece of rank hypocrisy, which is offensive and tasteless into the bargain, to insist that, when MacDonald chose, he chose for the nation *and* socialism.

Mr. Elton is chiefly criticized for having failed to mention the international aspect of the Labor movement and for having attempted to lay down the law to its seasoned followers:—

The most significant purpose of the working-class movement in all countries is that only on its foundation is there any lasting chance of avoiding the disasters of a world order in decline. It is evident that the governing classes of the world, with all their technical skill and ability, and with all the resources at their command, are not going to be able to do it; for their interests are divided and in open conflict. What more humiliating spectacle can there have been for anybody who believed in capitalism than the spectacle of world history since 1914? Still, socialists knew that it was in the nature of the beast long before that. It remains the rôle of the working-class movement to transform this, for only on that basis can it come about.

Mr. Rowse welcomes the aid of Mr. Elton and his friends but doubts that they will be of much use.

WITH our own Congress in Washington repudiating the sales tax and demanding higher income taxes, England's experience in a similar emergency is revealing. In spite of her enormous income taxes Britain has not yet laid a blanket levy on sales, but she has, since last November, made the modest experiment of taxing the cheaper seats in motion-picture houses. The result has been that attendance has declined by one-eighth and the tax payable has increased by one-half. Here is the way it works out in pounds, shillings, and pence. One theatre records a drop of £297 in box-office receipts and an increase of £58 in taxes. A chain of twelve theatres reports that its receipts are down 18 per cent and its taxes up 121 per cent. Another theatre paid £88 in taxes and lost £104 in the same period. These figures were published in the *Saturday Review*, an ultra-Conservative organ that would make every effort to encourage a sales tax and to discourage income taxes, yet its editor remarks, 'I find it impossible to resist the conclusion that the rate of the tax on the lower-priced seats is economically unsound.' To judge from this one instance, the American House of Representatives acted with more wisdom than its detractors gave it credit for possessing.

UNDER the auspices of the New School of Peace in Paris, André Siegfried delivered a lecture on 'French Character Facing the Modern World' which deserves to be summarized here. He began by pointing out that France was already an old nation by the end of the eighteenth century and that it has therefore resisted the two great changes that have occurred since that time—the Industrial Revolution and the displacement of Europe as

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the centre of the world. The French peasant remains attached to his piece of land; the French worker remains essentially an artisan; the French bourgeois believes that 'independence for man resides in individual property.' Economically France is secure and self-sufficient, but politically she is unstable because of her constant fear of invasion. M. Siegfried then defines the modern Frenchman as a complete individualist. Germans and Englishmen accept some ideas from their leaders and they have a capacity for mass production; Frenchmen think for themselves and have no capacity for mass production and no market for mass-produced goods. The Englishman balances his national budget but lives beyond his private means; the Frenchman balances his private budget, but his national finances are always in disorder. So strong a sense of property lies at the basis of the French character as to make socialism almost impossible, and the kind of individualism that rises from that same property sense has rendered France immune to collectivism, Fascism, Americanism, Sovietism, feminism, and Freudism. Can such a type survive? With this question M. Siegfried closes.

WHEN in 1933 the French resume drawing up their budget for the calendar year on January 1 and abandon their present fiscal year, which closes at the end of March, they will find themselves faced with a deficit of between six and seven billion francs. These figures, although not acknowledged by the present reactionary government, have been arrived at by M. Abel Gardey, reporter general of the Finance Committee of the French Senate, and they lead to the inescapable conclusion that military expenditures must be drastically cut. At the present time France is spending twenty billion francs a year on military defense, three times as much as Germany, 87 per cent more than she spent before the War, and 27 per cent more than Germany was spending at that time. Finance Minister Flandin tried to lay the blame for the budget deficit on education costs, social services, salaries, and pensions, but these items cannot be greatly reduced at a time of rising unemployment and in a country where the schools are already overcrowded and the illiteracy rate is high. That the country at large is aware of the true state of affairs will presumably be proved during the spring elections to the Chamber of Deputies, which will be occurring just about as this issue of the magazine is arriving in our readers' hands. Most prophets foresee a swing to the left, especially if the Prussian elections turn out as the presidential election in Germany did. How the general public in France now regard Hitler is revealed in a cartoon in *Le Rire* showing a French munitions maker saying to Hitler, 'Ah, my dear Hitler, if you did not exist we should have to invent you.'

LAST month we pointed out in our opening editorial paragraph that England and France would have to agree on a common European policy before

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the Lausanne Conference assembles. The failure of the four-power London conference on the Danubian states suggests that some such agreement has already been reached, for the English, who were indorsing the Austro-German customs union a year ago, are now supporting the French proposal of setting up a free-trade area in Central Europe from which Germany and Italy would be excluded by high tariff walls. France, having lent huge sums to the Little Entente, Poland, Austria, and Hungary, has every reason to encourage local enterprises; Germany, with no large investments abroad but with an enormous industrial plant lying idle, wants to sell her manufactured goods to Central Europe and buy raw materials in exchange. Wickham Steed, writing in the Conservative *Sunday Times*, praises the French scheme for rehabilitating Central Europe and says that there is only one hope left:—

> It is that England or France, or, still better, France and England, may look beyond their material differences in the recent past and the present, and may boldly conceive and as boldly execute a joint policy for the salvation of Europe. For the key to the world situation still lies in Europe; and, in Europe, between Paris and London. The proposal for economic coördination in Central Europe is but a foretaste of what might be done by concerted Franco-British action; for the very knowledge that England and France were agreed would change the atmosphere throughout the world. And, since neither the French nor the British people would sanction any agreement between their respective Governments of which the object was not the promotion of constructive peace, the United States would be reassured. Germany and Italy would bow to the inevitable and would presently profit by it. The smaller nations would rejoice, for at last there would be vision and leadership and reason for hope.

During the Lausanne Conference we shall perhaps discover what England is receiving in return for her support of French policy along the Danube.

FROM the economic point of view, England's conversion to the French cause is more difficult to justify. Time and again we have pointed out here that no solution of Europe's crisis can occur until normal relations are established between Germany and her neighbors to the east and south. The London *Statist* goes over this ground and explains the ultimate futility of the French thesis:—

> It is now common ground that a preferential system limited to the Danubian states, while providing no adequate solution for the marketing difficulties of the agricultural countries (Austria and Czechoslovakia between themselves could absorb only a fraction of the agricultural surplus of Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Bulgaria), would not offer sufficient attraction from the viewpoint of industrial exports to the first-named countries to compensate them for the ruin of their own farming population resulting from the competition of the agricultural states. On economic grounds, and leaving aside political considerations, it would not therefore be an advantage to Austria to join a preferential system of the Danubian countries which excluded Germany.

Austria's position is then defined as follows:—

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> It is not sufficiently realized that what Austria, as a predominantly industrial country, requires is not to be joined to an agricultural market but to another industrial country. It is a fallacy to believe that an industrial country and an agricultural country are well matched together. In point of fact, their foreign and internal trade policy is made vastly more difficult by the union. There is a rather naïve assumption that in Hungary, a predominantly agricultural country, Austrian industrial products would more easily find an outlet than in a highly industrialized country. So far from this notion's being corroborated by facts, all the evidence points in the opposite direction. Else, how could Austria's best customers be Germany and Czechoslovakia?

Meanwhile, Austrian peasants are forming secret organizations and are violently resisting the payment of taxes.

NEITHER Germany nor the outer world has entirely recovered from the effects of Hitler's sudden success during the Reichstag elections of September 1930. True, the National Socialists have kept on growing until they are now the largest political party in the country, but their prestige has increased more rapidly than their numerical following. One of the chief reasons for this phenomenon is that the Social Democrats and the Centrists have deliberately exaggerated the Hitler menace in order to cut down the Communist and the Nationalist vote. In other words, the danger to Hindenburg's presidential candidacy did not come from Hitler's fanatical followers but from middle and lower-class elements that might have thrown away their votes on one of the other two candidates. As matters now stand, revolution is no further away in Germany than it was before the presidential balloting began, but the chances of a successful *coup d'état* on the part of the National Socialists grow dimmer every day. There is no doubt whatever that Hitler could seize political power by force, but power and responsibility are becoming increasingly dangerous as the economic crisis deepens. The present tendency is for the state to take over more and more private enterprises. A few months ago it helped to reorganize some of the banks; more recently it has come to the aid of the shipping companies. Although these enterprises are nominally in private hands, the state cannot allow them to collapse. At the moment Germany is becoming increasingly socialistic simply in order to keep going at all and meet her foreign obligations. The condition of the workers and of the unemployed goes from bad to worse. It is from this distress that any violent uprising would spring. Therefore, with the political and economic framework already socialized, only one step remains for a complete revolution to be accomplished. The oppressed and starving have the next word.

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*, one of the best informed newspapers in Europe, writes an alarming dispatch describing the Bolshevization of Germany. He says that the process will go through four phases, if its Communist instigators are successful. First, the masses of the people are to be 'neutralized' with anti-religious propaganda.

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Secondly, direct attacks are to be made on the centres of bourgeois culture —the state, the church, the family, the schools, the arts, and the sciences. Thirdly, these centres are to be annihilated. Fourthly, Bolshevism is to be installed. At present the country is being put through the anti-religious phase with some success. Anti-religious films are being shown, anti-religious meetings are being held, and anti-religious songs are being sung. Here is one of them, literally translated: 'Michael, fear nothing, satisfy your hunger and fill your skin tight. Later you will quit life for the tomb.' One of the films, showing the Pope concluding a pact with a Satan who wears the Republican colors, was suppressed by the Berlin police. Already a League of Free Thinkers has attracted three million members, but the churches, both Protestant and Catholic, are fighting back just as vigorously as the Iron Front is rallying on the secular front.

ONE of the healthiest features of the Italian economic system is that small industries and individual artisans have not been driven out of business. In 1911 ninety per cent of the 243,926 industrial enterprises in the country employed ten men or less, and in 1927 an even larger proportion of the 731,447 industrial firms in the country did not employ more than ten people each. In other words, the growth of large industry in Italy has not killed the small concerns, consequently there is nothing artificial in the favor that the Fascist Government has always shown to the artisan and small industrialist. Signor Dominico Gattinara, one of the most vigorous Italian supporters of the artisan, has justified his Government's policy as follows:—

> In times of prosperity the work of the artisan attracts the salaried workman rich in initiative and courage; in times of depression unemployed workmen have recourse to the most elementary forms of the artisan's daily work. Thus the artisan's work creates a concentration camp of hands voluntarily or compulsorily free, and in the long run becomes a safety valve against excessive industrialization or the excessive proletarianization of the country.

He has also pointed out that

> every country has the greatest interest in exporting artisan products, which represent the highest possible percentage of personal workmanship; thus to export them is tantamount to exporting the cost of the labor.

The excellence of Italian workmanship in leather goods, lace, metal work, and blown glass is sufficient justification for the support these industries receive and for the existence of an autonomous federation of artisans as a part of the General Fascist Confederation of Italian Industry. But the Government also supports the artisan on moral grounds. He is considered to be 'by his very nature a steadfast believer and by tradition Catholic and monarchist.' Certainly the small industries and crafts in Italy have done much to encourage moderation and thrift, to maintain the unity of the family, and to stave off complete unemployment. Thus the

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state can take real satisfaction in all that it has done for the Italian artisan in the way of providing instruction, credit, and marketing facilities abroad.

APROPOS of our sensational article on Sir Basil Zaharoff, it is interesting to bear in mind the profits that European and American munition makers have already reaped from the war in China. The German press has printed lists of ships, sailing dates, and cargoes showing that large supplies of explosives, bombs, machine guns, airplane parts, and revolvers have been pouring steadily from Europe to Japan. The Skoda factories in Czechoslovakia, which are controlled by the Schneider-Creusot works in France, sent seven hundred boxes of munitions to Japan via Hamburg on one day and on the next a Norwegian steamer sailed with four thousand boxes of explosives made by German factories. The German chemical industry has been shipping quantities of acid, and in one case two thousand crates of explosives were listed as 'pianos.' A Japanese military commission visited Czechoslovakia in February and soon afterward large shipments of bombs from the Skoda works left Trieste. In France the Schneider-Creusot factories have received a contract for twenty heavy tanks, and a French automobile factory in Dijon is making four thousand heavy airplane bombs for Japan. In Poland the Japanese have placed orders amounting to more than $3,000,000 and many times that amount is said to have been spent in the United States. Even more sinister than the rôle of the munition maker is the obvious fact that Japan intends to continue hostilities on a larger scale than ever before.

BUT munition makers are not the only advocates of the Japanese cause in other countries. Many foreigners—Americans in particular—have invested large sums of money in Japan, citizens of the United States being interested in the Japanese electrical industry to the extent of half a billion dollars. The result is that American bankers are more interested in their Japanese holdings than in the Open-Door policy, which is important only to the American exporter. Thus the same banker who favors a low domestic tariff so that the foreigner who has borrowed money from him can sell goods on the American market also supports Japan in the hope of lending more money there and in the fear that the money he has already lent may be lost if Japan fails. But the American industrialist who demands a high domestic tariff to protect his products at home is anti-Japanese because the Open-Door policy must be supported if American goods are to be sold in the Orient.

At present the Japanese give every indication of planning to seize and monopolize Manchuria. Unquestionably some American banking interests favor their cause. But these bankers will have to contend against the ambitions of American exporters and against public opinion, which may suddenly clamor for war if the Japanese military element again runs amuck.

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The best hope for peace between Japan and the United States is therefore some change behind the lines in Japan.

BECAUSE of the press censorship that now seems to exist in Japan it is hard to tell just what the domestic situation really is. The London *Spectator* feels that the present position is delicate:—

> Japan is demanding more attention than China at the moment. What is happening internally is difficult to discover, but it is clear that the present Government, in spite of the considerable majority secured as a result of the recent election, cannot last much longer. There are signs of some censorship of outgoing news, but the impression conveyed by various messages reaching this country is that a national government is about to be formed as the best means of forestalling a possible military *coup*. Japan's successes in the field at Shanghai have not been such as to bring great kudos to the military caste, but the soldiers no doubt take the view that they have been impeded by the scruples of civilian ministers, who must therefore be swept aside. This interpretation of the situation necessarily rests partly on conjecture, for the messages coming through have been brief and ambiguous.

A Chinese contributor to the *China Critic* quotes this letter from a Japanese friend who certainly sounds anxious:—

> I assure you that I have great sympathy for the sufferings of the Chinese who have been made the victims of Japanese bombs and heavy guns. But I must tell you that our sufferings are even greater. Not only are we called upon to bear the burden of the additional taxation with which our military leaders defray the expenses of carrying on a costly campaign against a neighboring country, but our livelihood has been made harder every day through the loss of China trade. The glory that our military men have promised to bring to us cannot compensate the losses of our business men, who depend upon friendship and good will to push their China trade.

The social background of Japan's discontent is the result of industrialism. The family, which used to be an economic unit in Japan as in all Oriental nations, has been broken up and is no longer able to come to the aid of individual members in distress or to produce goods in competition with machinery. Children migrate to the cities, fail to find work, and finally accept a wretched standard of living. The Tokyo correspondent of the *North China Herald* tells of meeting a bus driver in the Japanese capital who works fourteen hours a day seven days a week and does not dare to quit his job because it would be snapped up and he could not find another. Wages have been driven below the subsistence level and a whole family working at home making boxes for electric-light bulbs gets the equivalent of only ten cents a day. How long such conditions can last the Japanese themselves do not know.

ONE of the most puzzling factors in China's present situation is the extent of Communist activity there. The correspondents of the more conservative papers of every country habitually identify Chinese Communists with Chinese bandits yet admit that in some parts of China Communist

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organizations have seized political power and can therefore hardly be regarded as outlaws. The *North China Daily News*, for instance, reports that the Canton air force has ordered fifteen fighting planes, eight of which have already gone into action, and that Chinese in America are sending over fifty more, all for the purpose of stamping out Communism in the Kiangsi and Fukien provinces immediately north of Canton. The Shanghai correspondent of the London *Times* reports that six divisions of the Chinese army in Kiangsi have gone over to Communism and that Communist bands in Hupeh threaten to cut the railway line between Hankow and Peking. The so-called 'seat of the Central Provisional Government of the Soviet Republic of China' is in Kiangsi, but it is using Shanghai as its base for propaganda work. Half a million leaflets intended for distribution on May first and a million books and pamphlets were seized in that city. Three hundred suspects were arrested and thirty were executed. But Paul K. Whang, a frequent contributor to the *China Weekly Review*, argues that a secret agreement exists between Japan and Russia, and he has translated the following declaration issued by 243 Chinese Communists on tendering their resignations to the Party:—

> We are firmly of the conviction that the present manœuvre adopted by the Chinese Communist Party, that of expanding Red activities in order to embarrass the Chinese Government, is tantamount to a subversive plan to break down China's resistance against Japan. The result of this plan will be literally to reduce the Chinese Communist Party to a puppet of Japan, and to place Chinese nationals in a hopeless position, a state of affairs wholly contrary to our intentions when we joined the Communist Party. Moreover, the international policy of that party is none other but the selfish policy of Soviet Russia. On the one hand, Soviet Russia has vehemently condemned imperialism, but, on the other, she has unscrupulously come to an agreement with the most imperialistic nation. In the recent Japanese attempt to subjugate China, Soviet Russia not only violated her neutrality by permitting Japan to use the Chinese Eastern Railway for transporting soldiers and munitions, but also contracted with Japan a nonaggression pact, so as to enable Japan to further her aggressions in China. The popular slogan of 'helping weak and small nations' is but a sweet phrase to deceive our people. We, driven by our conscience, on this day renounce our affiliation with the Chinese Communist Party, which is under the direction of the Third International.

The *China Weekly Review* entirely rejects Mr. Whang's theory that Soviet Russia is betraying China and prints his article as an indication of how powerful a movement Communism has become.

IN SPITE of the world slump British and American commercial interests are fighting each other as bitterly as ever in the Argentine. In 1913 about one-third of Argentina's imports came from Great Britain and about one-sixth from the United States. In 1929 the positions of the two great English-speaking powers were almost exactly reversed: America was selling about twice as many goods as England to the Argentine and had more than trebled her business there during a period in which British exports to that country had barely held their own. It was this state of affairs that the vast

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British Exhibition at Buenos Aires last year sought to correct. The trade figures for the first eleven months of 1931 indicate that the effort met with real success. Whereas British exports to the Argentine were half of what they were during the same period in 1929, American exports fell to less than a quarter and England's intangible gains were still more important. About sixty per cent of the British exhibitors reported that they had received new orders as a result of displaying their wares, and nearly all the rest pronounced the affair a success because of what it had taught them about South American marketing problems. A member of one of the larger British motor-car firms has said, 'If we had known beforehand what was coming, including the "slump," we should have done exactly what we have done. And if it had not been for the Exhibition we should not be in South America now.' At next summer's Imperial Conference at Ottawa attempts will be made to bind the Argentine still more closely to the British Empire and to alienate it still further from the United States.

IN VIEW of the expiration of the British mandate over Irak next September the French are considering relinquishing their control over the neighboring state of Syria. What they seem to be aiming at is the establishment of King Feisal of Irak on the Syrian throne. His capital would be moved to Damascus from Bagdad, where the British are now setting him up, and his kingdom would include not only Syria and Irak but also Transjordania, the three states being grouped together in a loose kind of federation. Such a project, however, is likely to arouse opposition in many quarters. The Italians would resent being permanently barred from Asia Minor, the British would not like to have their puppet-state of Irak included in a federation dominated by France, the Zionists would fear that the Palestine Arabs would be drawn into Feisal's control, and Ibn Saud, ruler of Nejd and the Hejaz, would hardly favor the creation of a powerful neighboring state ruled by his hereditary enemy. Nor would Turkey and Persia be likely to approve. But to the French the idea is naturally most attractive. A strong Arab state under their domination would assure their control of the Mosul pipe line from its source to the sea. 'As happens so often nowadays,' says the diplomatic correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, 'oil is found to be at the bottom of the diplomatic well.'

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One of England's foremost economists looks ahead twenty-five years to the Geneva of 1957 when war will be banished from the earth and the crisis ended.

WORLD *without* War

By Sir Arthur Salter

From *The Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

BEFORE attempting to see what world government will be like in twenty-five years' time, if we assume that it will develop as it should, I must emphasize that this is, of course, a doubtful assumption. The world may fail for long to come to secure the kind of government it needs. Nationalism may oppose too strong a resistance. We may have for a long period a constantly increasing clash between national frontiers and world trade. We may have many years of confusion, friction, and unnecessary loss. We may fail to avoid the shattering disaster of another great war. Even if that is avoided, we may live under a perpetual sword of Damocles; we may fail to obtain the basis of confidence and security upon which alone the activities of the world can find their natural and normal development. The forces that make on the one hand for world government, in which national governments shall take their proper place, and on the other hand for the continuance of competing nationalisms without the restraint of any wider authority, are not unequal. The balance, indeed, is so even that all of us have the greatest possible inducement to throw our weight upon the right side. The future of the world and of every country depends upon whether the balance finally turns in one direction or the other.

But let me for the moment assume the best and look into the future on that assumption. How will world government, then, be working in a quarter of a century's time? Let us imagine first the mere mechanism of national co-operation. Let us picture, for example, a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva on some afternoon in the spring of the year 1957, convened to deal with some problem of outstanding interest and importance. I see, sitting round the table, the future Sir John Simon, the future Tardieu, and other ministers of Europe. They will have come, as at present, from their respective capitals. But they will not have come as they would have done a century ago in coaches taking weeks or months, nor as they do now in a train taking a day or days. They will

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have flown from their capitals between breakfast and lunch. Even so, however, the means of transport will make it difficult for the future Mr. Stimson to come himself three thousand miles, or the future President Chiang Kai-shek to come six thousand miles from China. But by that time wireless telephony will be extended and improved and we shall have television as well. I imagine, therefore, that the seat at the table reserved for the American or the Chinese representative may be occupied by a canvas screen on which the figures of the future Mr. Stimson and the future Chiang Kai-shek will be shown as they are in their respective offices on the other side of the world, living and life size. Meanwhile, each of them in his own distant office will have a similar picture before his face of the Council and all the living and speaking figures of those who compose it at Geneva.

Thus a Council meeting will take place; a debate will proceed with the same quick rejoinder and retort that is possible when all are physically present, even though a quarter or a half of the members are in another hemisphere. Behind the ministers sitting round the table there will be, as at present, their official advisers. Among them those who advise the distant members will have a special rôle to play. They will, in the intervals between the meetings and the speeches, be talking directly to their chiefs at home. Wireless telephone will, perhaps, have become as much a part of the ordinary mechanism of discussion between distant countries as ordinary telephoning is now. Already we see that it is developing at an extraordinary pace. A substantial part, for example, of the discussions about the Far Eastern crisis have taken the form of direct personal conversations between our own ministers and ministers at Washington, and so on. But in twenty-five years we may assume that this will have gone immensely further. Conceivably, also, we shall then have learned to improve selection between wave lengths to such an extent that we shall be able to have our individual wave lengths as we now have our individual telephone numbers, and we may, perhaps, be then carrying our little wireless receiving set in our waistcoat pocket as we now carry a watch. The political authority of Geneva and the Judicial Tribunal at the Hague will, between them, make the law of the world and apply it. For we must never forget that the world is always changing and that we need not only to decide what are existing legal rights but to change them when world development requires.

ALL this, however, is the mere mechanism of world government. Let us now consider the kind of questions it will have to deal with. If for twenty-five years we have successfully avoided a great war and have been making progress in eliminating the causes of war, the whole character of future international discussion will probably be different. During the last thirteen years everything has been dominated by the embittered national feeling inflamed by the late war, and everything has turned upon a number of embittered disputes resulting from the Treaty settlement. Perhaps many of us have come to regard such disputes as those about Danzig, or the Polish Corridor, or the frontier between Rumania and Czechoslovakia, or the connection between Austria and Germany, as the normal substance of the life of the world. Happily, they are not that. If we can only progress as we should in the next twenty-five years, all these special disputes will have disappeared into past history, and many of the embittered feelings that they have both expressed and caused will have disap-

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peared with them. National rivalries and ambitions will still remain, but they will be more and more like the rivalries and ambitions between two counties or two states in a single country. They will be of the nature of healthy competition rather than of dangerous friction. After a long period of peace and successful working of the peace system, each government and the public of the world will feel confident of the maintenance of peace, will take it for granted that if any single country should threaten war the rest of the world will unite against it. With this confidence, one country after another will feel that this is the main factor in its own national security. More and more it will feel able to reduce its armed forces to the character of police forces to maintain national order. As each country gives effect to this conclusion, others will in turn feel more confident and be encouraged to proceed along the same path. We shall then have a reversal of the process that brought us the last disaster and still threatens another. We shall have a friendly competition in disarmament instead of an embittered competition in arming.

With confidence so assured, the first essential condition for economic development's finding its fullest world range will be established. The savings of one part of the world will flow quickly, easily, cheaply, and above all regularly, in fructifying streams, wherever they can produce the richest results. This, however, is only the first condition. If the right of national governments to create national armed forces no longer threatens world peace as it does now, there still remains to be dealt with the second sovereign right—that of erecting tariff barriers.

I do not myself contemplate the complete abolition of all tariffs. They are, and are likely to remain, a convenient system for raising revenue to the extent to which they are not protective; they may also in certain cases be of use as a considered counterpart of general policy to secure certain social purposes. They may, for example, be deliberately used in some cases to prevent a given country from specializing completely upon one or two forms of economic activity, with the monotony of social life which that might cause. Australia, for example, might desire, at what she would recognize to be a definite cost, to secure the richer variety of national life that is open to a country with industrial as well as agricultural activities, as compared with one which concentrates only upon the production of grain and raw materials. But the great difference will be that world tariff policies will be reasonably stable, and will be a definite part of a considered policy, both national and international. It will be recognized that changes, when they are required, must be made after prolonged and careful discussion of the international consequences involved. In a word, future tariff commissions will not be just national but international. Those who are heard before a decision is taken will be not only the different classes of industrialists or consumers in a single country, but the representatives of all the countries on whom any proposed new tariff will react. The officials concerned will regard it as just as normal and inevitable a part of their procedure to discuss any proposed new policy with the corresponding officials of other countries as they now do to discuss it with the representatives of other departments in a departmental committee in their own country. The specialized committees at Geneva dealing with economic, financial, social, legal, colonial, and other questions will no longer be merely advisory bodies attempting with varying success to influence national governments to exercise the real power; they will be an integral and a central

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part of the real mechanism of the government of the world. And then, at last, on a basis of secure confidence and peace, and of stability in commercial policy, the way will be clear for the world to devote its real efforts to achieve positive progress.

Let me give a few examples only of what can and should be done. The world's official government at Geneva, side by side with an enlarged and developed international bank, can give the world a stable and satisfactory currency system, an inestimable advantage for the development of world trade. It can similarly develop a code and a tradition for foreign lending that will stop reckless borrowing and irresponsible lending, will reduce the risk of loss to the investor, will prevent savings from being wasted as they now are, and will direct them in fertilizing streams where they are most needed and will be most useful.

Upon such a securely established foundation of world government, man will at last be able to reap the fruits of nature's riches and of his own increasing skill and knowledge. The last quarter of a century has given us more power over nature than all the previous centuries of recorded history; the next quarter of a century may well do as much or more. If these present and future resources of knowledge can be used in a world purged of war and of the fear of war, can find full scope in free and secure world markets aided by a single stable currency on a protected credit system, the general standard of living can be increased beyond all present imagining. The world can establish a point beyond which individual luxury and extravagance shall not be allowed to pass, and a level below which individual human comfort shall not be allowed to fall; and this level can be such that every man will have both the necessities and the reasonable luxuries of life, and adequate leisure to enjoy all our rich heritage of culture and civilization.

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With the munition business booming through the world depression, this sensational history of the greatest armament manufacturer of them all has a grim timeliness and grimmer significance.

ZAHAROFF
Merchant *of* Death

By XAVIER DE HAUTECLOCQUE

Translated from *Le Crapouillot*
Paris Topical Monthly

IT IS possible to understand and explain the success of various great world masters, magnates of oil, wheat, matches, and banks. Each of them makes the world pay a high price for the undeniable service that he performs. These rapacious philanthropists, these supermen, remain human none the less. Not so much can be said for the world master whom I have the honor of presenting here. All the writers in every language who have written about him, all the statesmen who have treated with him on equal terms, give this man the same name, the 'mystery man of Europe,' Sir Basil Zaharoff.

Fifty-six years ago he was haled before the Old Bailey in London accused of swindling and breach of trust. At that time he had no money, no protection, no knowledge, not even a country. To-day he is a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor and a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath and of the Order of the British Empire, the two latter orders being the highest distinctions in England. His wealth runs into billions, which he peacefully enjoys in his own principality of Monte Carlo.

The decorations, the billions, the principality—all these Sir Basil gained by selling to his fellow men precisely what fills them most with horror. He has sold them sudden death. I shall not make any attempt to explain why he has enjoyed a success as fabulous as it is scandalous. I shall simply enumerate the successive phases of this man's life, noting in passing the moments at which an invisible, unknown, but all-powerful force intervened in his favor. I shall also list without any party spirit, and simply by way of documentary evidence, the politicians who have helped Sir Basil, the conscious or unconscious servants of this occult power.

Basileios Zacharias (the last name was later changed to Zaharoff) was born on October 6, 1849, in Mughla,

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a town in Asia Minor. His parents, humble trades people of Greek origin, were Turkish subjects. They did not have a cent. Basileios had three sisters, Sebastiana, who was born in England, where their father used to be in the clothing business, Zoë, and Chariclea. We shall never hear these three women mentioned. The Zaharoff family soon left Asia Minor for Tatavla, a Greek suburb of Constantinople. Up to the age of eighteen Basileios received a free education in an English school in Constantinople. He also engaged in every kind of occupation, never rising from poverty. He was a money changer, a fireman, and a guide for tourists whom he met at the entrances of the big hotels. He then went into business with an uncle named Sevastopulos, who was a cloth merchant in the Galata quarter, but England attracted him. He took money from his uncle's cash drawer and sailed for London, where he was arrested at the instance of his relative and appeared before the Old Bailey. Here he was acquitted by virtue of a document which he miraculously discovered in the pocket of an old overcoat and which established his honesty. This happened in 1875.

Basileios Zaharoff's own opinion of his strange beginning is known. After he became a billionaire he said to one of his friends, Skuludis, the Greek minister, 'Cheated by my uncle out of my share in the profits, I believed myself justified in taking from the common cash drawer the sum of money that belonged to me. I made an exact reckoning of the amount, drew it out of the cash drawer, and departed for England.'

This simple declaration sums up the man's whole career. When Basileios became the omnipotent Sir Basil he continued to appropriate the lion's share of his associates' holdings. But his future associates were the people, and the common holdings were war profits. When Basil Zaharoff was acquitted he could not go on living in London and so left for Athens. Here he made the acquaintance of the influential politician, Skuludis, yet he continued to lead a quiet life. At the age of twenty-seven he was extraordinarily handsome and had no great liking for work. It was easy for him to find 'feminine protection.' As far as the public could perceive, he had simply fastened himself to his friend, Skuludis, and to a certain Lampsas, the proprietor of the Hôtel de Grande-Bretagne. It is a curious fact that ever since he attended the English school at Tatavla everything that exercised a happy influence on the destiny of this unknown man bore the British stamp.

Then came a second voyage to England that was doubly strange; first, because no one knew what Basil Zaharoff was doing there on this occasion, and, secondly, because the trip coincided with a terrible, piquant story in which he was involved in spite of himself. The Greek newspapers announced the death of 'a certain Basil Zaharoff, incarcerated in the Garbola Prison for attempted theft, who had killed a guard in trying to escape and was then killed by another guard.' There was, of course, not a word of truth in this story, since Zaharoff was in England at the time, living very well off some mysterious business. He returned to Greece from London as poor as he had set forth, but charged with a mission that was to open many doors to him. Indeed, his situation was transformed. On the fourteenth of October, 1877, Basil Zaharoff became the general representative in the Balkans for Nordenfeldt, a big English armament firm that made heavy artillery, field guns, munitions of every calibre, submarines, and so on. How was the poor boy of Constantinople, the prisoner at the Old Bailey, the supposed dead man of the Garbola Prison,

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qualified for a task that demanded technical knowledge and diplomatic acquaintance in equal measure?

ENGLISH business men and politicians are preëminently practical. They do not bestow their favors and confidence by chance. From 1877 onward Basil Zaharoff received their aid. There are only two hypotheses that can explain this problem, and they are not mutually exclusive. Moreover, they throw a light on the whole future of this mysterious man.

In the first place, the British Secret Service was organized on a modern basis in 1875, when it began recruiting the first of those excellent agents who were to give it world omnipotence. Now in 1875 young Zaharoff possessed all the qualities that this terrible institution demanded. He was young, brave, physically attractive, and a polyglot. His adventures with English justice proved that he had a large conscience, to say the least. Finally, he had just been released from prison, was walking the sidewalks dead broke, and was ready to accept joyfully any way of making his bread, no matter how dangerous.

In the second place, Basil Zaharoff probably belonged to one of the Near East Freemasonic Lodges. The British Freemasons, their protectors, had helped these Lodges to win independence for the Balkan states and to revolutionize Turkey, just as they had helped the French Freemasons to bring about a revolution in France and the Carbonari to free Italy.

Whether or not he was invested with a confidential mission and granted secret protection, our friend was soon hastening along the road to fortune. He was seen in Montenegro, Serbia, and Bulgaria. As soon as he departed, cargoes of British arms and ammunition would arrive. He sold one submarine to Greece and two to Turkey. They were a great success, for the big powers were not yet using submarines. Of course, the Montenegrins, Serbs, Bulgarians, Greeks, and Turks meticulously slaughtered each other with the arms that had been sold to them by the young 'merchant of sudden death,' but this made business boom and English policy did not suffer, because it has always fomented trouble in the Near East.

In 1885 Basil Zaharoff made his third visit to London. He then became associated with his employer, Nordenfeldt, penetrated the rigorously sealed upper circles of the heavy-metal industry, sounded out high finance, and climbed higher on the ladder that leads to the third impenetrable heaven where a few archangels brew the real policy of England and the destiny of the world. But he was not yet important enough, not yet rich enough or familiar enough with state secrets to penetrate this third heaven. Patience was required.

In 1888 Basil Zaharoff made a master stroke. He became associated with Hiram Maxim, the American inventor of the modern machine gun, who joined the Nordenfeldt concern, making it into the Maxim-Nordenfeldt Gun and Ammunition Company. In 1889 the Maxim machine gun was adopted by the English army and millions rained down on Zaharoff and his friends. In 1890 Nordenfeldt decided that he was rich enough to retire, so Hiram Maxim and Zaharoff continued on their way side by side. Wherever they went wars broke out or followed in their train, no longer little Balkan wars, but great conflagrations that reddened the heavens and shook the earth—the Chino-Japanese War, the Spanish-American War, and so on.

Maxim, the Yankee, controlled the American market. The question therefore was how to sell shells to the Spaniards. Basil Zaharoff, who was still a handsome fellow, had just met the

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wife of a prominent Spaniard on board a *train de luxe*. Maria del Pilar Antonia Angela Patrocinio Simona de Muqueira y Beruete, the widow of the Duke of Marchena, who had lately married the Duke of Villafranca de los Caballeros, introduced the Greek courtier to the highest Spanish circles. The modern equivalents of Ruy Blas are munition salesmen.

Zaharoff then moved from the grandees of Spain to the grand dukes of Russia, to the delight of the grand duchesses. With the aid of the cup that cheers the Russian market was conquered. Then, when the Boer War broke out, he returned to London. Unfortunately the War Office was giving its largest orders to a powerful rival company, Vickers. But that did n't matter, for the brave Boers needed munitions, too, and the Maxim company had munitions to sell. When the Boers and English had sufficiently exhausted themselves peace was signed between them.

At the same moment peace was also signed between Vickers and Maxim, which became associated through the efforts of Basil Zaharoff. The technique of the operation was that Vickers bought up Maxim's capital stock for seven million dollars in gold, represented by shares of which Basil Zaharoff received the majority. The affair was financed by Sir Ernest Cassel, that great Jewish, Anglo-German financier who was the personal counselor and business agent of King Edward VII. It was on this occasion that Sir Basil Zaharoff entered the holy of holies. From now on he sold munitions in the name and for the greater glory and still greater profit of His Imperial and Royal Majesty.

THE period of big policies had begun. At this moment, another enigmatic person disappeared from the world scene, the notorious Cornelius Herz. He was an American Jew who had begun life as an unregistered dentist. He had been connected with General Boulanger and Clemenceau, and had also been associated with Baron de Reinach in the enormous Panama scandal. For years he had upset and corrupted French opinion and French leaders. All his acts, the testimony of his contemporaries, and his flight to England seem to prove that this man was the secret agent of English policy in France, and when he left Paris his post there became vacant.

At this point, as if by luck, Basil Zaharoff began occupying himself with our country. He installed himself in Paris at 54 rue de la Bienfaisance. He appeared in the society columns of the newspapers and in the antechambers of our ministers. His activities were twofold. In England, thanks to the support of the reigning dynasty of big industry, which was Conservative, and of high finance, which was Liberal, he formed a trust of English munition makers. In France he extended the tentacles of these enterprises by subsidizing newspapers, by philanthropic gestures, and by his friendship for the pro-English political faction that Cornelius Herz had left behind him. Then, when his bases were established, he left France and set forth to conquer the world.

Now let me simply enumerate certain facts. In 1908 Mr. Basil Zaharoff, who was no longer a Turk, and who was not English or Greek, and certainly not French, was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor under the auspices of the Minister of Marine. Clemenceau at that time was a member of the government. In June 1910 Mr. Zaharoff contributed a large sum toward the establishment of the Société des Quotidiens Illustrés, which founded the newspaper, *Excelsior*. In 1912 he absorbed in the Maxim trust the Beard-

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more machine-gun factory—remember this name, for you will see it appearing again under troubled circumstances. In the same year he acquired control of the Whitehead torpedo company, which at once established a branch in France. The board of directors of this branch, which was known as the Société Française des Torpilles Whitehead, included Zaharoff, who represented the house of Vickers; a representative of the Armstrong munition company, in which the English royal family possessed an interest; and Marguerite von Bismarck, the niece of Prince Bismarck, the tormentor of our country. And I am not even mentioning certain gentlemen of less importance, among them a French admiral whose name does not matter.

In 1913 Basil Zaharoff received the Rosette of Public Instruction. He gained the upper hand in the Armstrong company, which was then the only rival to Vickers, and at the same time he negotiated an agreement with the biggest armament concerns in Europe. He sounded out international finance. He strengthened his ties with the leaders of English policy.

The War of 1914 was about to occur. The Balkan war of 1913 had been a kind of dress rehearsal in which experiments were made with the machinery of the terrible new theatre, nor should we overlook the fact that the spectator-actors in the form of the common people had to pay admission. Nothing seems to me quite so suggestive and horrible as the synoptic picture of the businesses that the Zaharoff group controlled on the eve of the unimaginable slaughter.

Zaharoff's English companies included the following enterprises. First, the Vickers armament concern, with a capitalization of over two hundred million dollars. Its financial adviser was Sir Vincent Caillard, a man who enjoyed the confidence of the Conservative minister, Chamberlain. Secondly, the Armstrong munition company, with a capitalization of about three hundred and fifty million dollars. Its stockholders included many members of the British royal family and of the British aristocracy. Thirdly, the Beardmore concern, with a capitalization of about a hundred and twenty million dollars and with Arthur Balfour as its financial adviser.

Zaharoff's French interests included the Société Française Whitehead, whose board of directors included Princess Bismarck, and the Société Le Nickel, which was associated with the Rothschild interests and sold supplies to munition factories.

Zaharoff's Russian connections included associations at Revel, Tsaritsyn, and other points with the German armament concerns of Krupp and Ludwig Loewe, the head of the latter being a member of the board of directors of Vickers. And, finally, he was associated with the Putilov works.

Whenever the World War might break out and however long it might last, the munition factories of all the war countries were bound to make enormous profits, and the Zaharoff group had interests in every consortium. However the conflict terminated the Zaharoff group would emerge victorious. It would have gained on every hand and one might say on every death. This is the way to do a good business.

Some days before the cataclysm exploded a well-informed industrialist said to his stockholders at a general meeting, 'An era of prosperity is about to begin, thanks to the rapid and continuous growth of our business.' This well-informed industrialist was Mr. Albert Vickers, an associate of Mr. Zaharoff. In July 1914 the French government made Mr. Zaharoff, who was neither French, English, Greek, nor Turkish, a Commander of the Le-

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gion of Honor, and on August second the War broke.

THE War marked the apogee of the 'magnate of sudden death.' It is impossible to estimate exactly what profits Basil Zaharoff accumulated between 1914 and 1918, but the following figures give some indication. In 1915 the English Zaharoff group received sixty million dollars simply to enlarge their factories, seventeen millions going to Armstrong, twenty-three to Vickers, and twenty to Beardmore. At the end of the War the Vickers establishment alone had manufactured 100,000 machine guns, 5,500 airplanes, 2,328 big guns, 4 battle cruisers, 3 armored cruisers, 53 submarines, and shells and machine-gun cartridges weighing hundreds of thousands of tons. The figures covering the house of Vickers alone show, according to expert estimates, that the English Zaharoff group must have done more than seven billion dollars' worth of business. Then add to this sum the profits that must have been made by the French and Russian Zaharoff groups, at least up to the time of the Russian Revolution. Also calculate the banking commissions and the freight charges that the head of the consortium made from banks and steamship companies in which he held an interest. All this evidence permits one to affirm that, at the Armistice, the former tourist guide of Constantinople had become the richest and most influential man in Europe, if not in the whole world. Bizarre as it may seem, Sir Basil Zaharoff's activities during those four mortal years left few traces. Profound mystery enveloped his comings and goings. Very few events followed his political negotiations. But here are a few indications that I have been able to piece together.

In 1915 Zaharoff seems to have concluded with Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, the alliance that the chief of the Liberal Party adhered to even to the point of sacrificing power. In the same year Sir Basil gave a large sum of money to Venizelos, whom he had probably known for a long time through secret pan-Hellenic societies. The political consortium of Lloyd George, Zaharoff, and Venizelos then set about achieving the aim of these secret societies, which was to create a greater Greece by stamping out the Greek dynasty and reducing Turkey to impotence.

In February 1916, Sir Basil Zaharoff, at the request of Briand and Painlevé, took over the Agence Radio, whose chief object was to facilitate the execution of the above-mentioned plan in the Near East. The creation of this news service, of course, aroused the opposition of the Reuter and Havas services, since it was competing against them on a ground that they had guarded jealously, and these two great agencies found a redoubtable defender in the person of Clemenceau.

When he arrived in power one of his first acts was to investigate Zaharoff's agents, who were accused of furnishing carbide to German submarines operating in the Mediterranean. I have before me a copy of this document, which came to M. Poincaré's attention in 1923, when he was thinking of having Sir Basil removed from the ranks of the Legion of Honor.

No sooner had Clemenceau become prime minister than he made peace with the cosmopolitan financier. On what basis? Nobody knows. Some close relatives of Clemenceau and one of his intimate friends later acquired interests in the big businesses that M. Zaharoff controlled, but perhaps this was mere coincidence. In January 1918 Sir Basil bought the Banque de la Seine, through which he gained control of a number of French enterprises. He also became a stockholder in the Bank

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of France, which is expressly contrary to the statutes of that bank, which demand that its stockholders must be French citizens. On the twelfth of July, 1918, Basil Zaharoff was made a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, a distinction that not all of our victorious commanders have received.

When November 11, 1918, arrived, Sir Basil could reckon up his accounts with real satisfaction. He had lost twelve million dollars, spent in charitable works or in subsidizing pro-Ally newspapers. This figure, by the way, was given by *Le Temps*. He had gained perhaps a billion, the highest French and English dignities, and unrivaled political influence. The 'magnate of sudden death' had won the War, his war, and on July 26, 1919, he was made a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, an honor that our leaders would not have bestowed on Joan of Arc if she had decided to return to this world.

WORLD peace. Europe nursing its wounds and counting its dead. The mystery man of Europe counting his millions and thinking up some new carnage. For he had to have a war, this man who sold machines of slaughter. It is here that his strange side appears in full light. The fatal aspect of his destiny is clearly dominated by an occult power that lifted him up from nowhere and placed him on top. Think back. At the beginning of his career he seemed to have been the favored child of two organizations, the Balkan Freemasons, who are vassals of the English Freemasons, and the British Secret Service. Was he paying his debt with accumulated interest?

In any event, from 1919 onward Sir Basil Zaharoff placed his fortune and his genius at the service of two causes. First, the realization of a greater Greece that would be a reincarnation of Alexander's empire and toward which the annexation of Asia Minor would be a first step. This was always the aim of the secret pan-Hellenic societies. Secondly, the uncontested and complete acquisition by England of the Near Eastern oil fields. This, together with the destruction of the German fleet, was the real war aim of the English Secret Service.

In the spring of 1919 young King Alexander of Greece died of a monkey bite. Good riddance. He was a timid, prudent man incapable of understanding the grandiose plans of the Zaharoff–Venizelos–Lloyd George combination. King Constantine returned to power; he made his peace with Zaharoff and as a first step sent Greek troops to Asia Minor.

In the spring of 1921 the Greeks made their second advance in the Near East at the same time that English agents in the service of King Feisal began anti-French manœuvres. France, seeing her interests and prestige threatened and finding herself in danger of being shipped politely out of Syria by the Anglo-Greeks, her former allies, sent M. Franklin-Bouillon to Turkey to effect a *rapprochement* with that country. England, however, was growing anxious and did not want to find herself engaged in a new Oriental venture for unacknowledged, if not unacknowledgeable, ends. It was the Conservatives who led the attack against the Zaharoff–Venizelos–Lloyd George trio. Do not forget that Zaharoff and his billions had abandoned the purely Conservative camp in 1914 for the Liberal-Unionist camp of Lloyd George. Strange, menacing words were heard in the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Lieutenant Colonel Walter Guinness, who was destined to become a cabinet minister shortly after the Conservative victory, exclaimed, 'The voice that is heard behind the throne is really that of Basil Zaharoff. He is a capable financier who possesses in-

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terests in the armament industries in various countries. He controls the manufacture of arms in four or five states. If our Prime Minister needs advice in regard to foreign policy he would do better to consult a real Englishman whose interests coincide with those of our own country and its allies.'

At the same moment the Zaharoff–Venizelos–Lloyd George trio was being violently attacked in France by Senator Henry de Jouvenel, editor in chief of the *Matin*. 'Let us pity,' he wrote, 'the people who let themselves be enrolled in the service of international finance.' Then came a new attack in the English Parliament. The son of Lord Carnavon made brutal charges against the occult dictatorship that was hastening the world toward new disasters, and Lord Eustace Percy, brother of the Duke of Northumberland, took up the battle in the House of Lords.

But all these efforts were wasted. The severe warnings of honest folk and sensible people had no effect and found no echo. The great Greek offensive in Asia Minor was launched. Sir Basil Zaharoff contributed a hundred million dollars from his own pocket to pay for the Greek war. But before the outcome was clear a tempest of anxiety broke in Great Britain.

Lord Beaverbrook, the *Daily Mail*, and all the Conservative trumpets sounded the alarm. Sir Henry Wilson, a field marshal in the English army, protested against the unfortunate step taken by those two allies, the terrible Greek and the deceived Welshman. He proclaimed in the House of Lords, 'Mr. Lloyd George sustains Greece to please Zaharoff.'

'To please Zaharoff' three hundred thousand Greek soldiers were killed, wounded, or made prisoners, for the offensive ended in disaster. Worse yet, the victorious Mustapha Kemal expelled everything Greek from Asia Minor. After thirty centuries of patient effort, the most ancient and lovely civilization in the world was crushed in one of its ancient strongholds. The Zaharoff companies, their interests and politicians, received a staggering blow from which they have never completely recovered.

Not counting the hundred million of small change that Zaharoff poured into this unfortunate affair, he lost most of the ammunition that Vickers and Armstrong had provided for the Greek army, and in 1924 these two companies announced that they had lost six hundred million dollars. They were condemned to absorb each other, Armstrong swallowing Vickers, which disappeared as an independent enterprise. Lloyd George fell with the news of the debacle. Too much compromised by his alliance with the 'magnate of sudden death,' the English statesman will never again recover power. King Constantine collapsed in a sea of blood among the ruins of his throne. An attempt was made to install his son, King George, and at the instigation of Queen Marie of Rumania Zaharoff endeavored to bolster up the poor little monarch. But even his millions were of no avail.

Zaharoff vainly summoned his old accomplice, Venizelos, the grand master of the Greek Masonic Lodges, to Monte Carlo. Ruined politically and disabused as to the real power of his ally, Venizelos withdrew. It was a definite break. The Lloyd George–Zaharoff–Venizelos trinity no longer existed. Their great dreams and visions of great affairs went up in smoke. Permanently disgusted with his fertile schemes, Sir Basil Zaharoff will never have anyone killed again.

HOW did Sir Basil Zaharoff, the great munition manufacturer, find himself engaged in the gigantic petroleum battle between the English and Amer-

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ican trusts? First, as the inevitable result of his Eastern policy. If the England of Lloyd George gave its full moral support to the chimera of a greater Greece that Zaharoff financed, it was because the creation of a big Greek empire would have given the English an inviolable claim to the Mosul oil fields. It was only just that Mr. Zaharoff, the defender of the oil fields, should be interested in the profits that might come from them. Secondly, Mr. Zaharoff had real interests at stake by virtue of his ownership of the Banque de la Seine, which he had purchased in 1918 along with its affiliated concerns, the Société Navale de l'Ouest, the Banque Commerciale de la Méditerranée, and the Société Parisienne de Banque. Through these various enterprises Mr. Zaharoff became coproprietor of the Société Générale des Huiles de Pétrole, which was also directed by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, representing the British Admiralty.

Zaharoff and the Anglo-Persian were trying to form an Oriental oil trust. Zaharoff, acting in the name of their common ally, Sir Henri Deterding's Royal Dutch Shell, wanted to guarantee the English oil interests a monopoly of the huge market represented by France and its colonies. With this end in view he took control in 1920 of one of the most powerful financial organizations in France, the Banque Nationale de Crédit, and he found allies in the Banque de l'Union Parisienne, a bank headed by Senator François Marsal representing the right-wing parties, and the Banque Bénard, which is a bank of the left-wing parties.

It should also be mentioned that one of the aims of this strange confederation was to obtain a considerable cut in the percentage of twenty-five per cent that the Versailles Treaty had promised France in the production of the Mosul oil fields. Mr. Zaharoff was only partially successful in his new activities. Owing, no doubt, to his excessive authoritarianism, he never allows anyone to advise him, much less steer him, least of all demand a share in his profits. But in the petroleum combination the chief representative of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and therefore of the British Admiralty was Mr. Caloust Gulbenkian.

Compared to Sir Basil Zaharoff, Mr. Caloust Gulbenkian did not seem to amount to very much. He was worth less than four hundred million dollars. He was never able to finance big armies. The most that he has ever been said to have done was to have fomented the Afghanistan revolution with the assistance of the celebrated Colonel Lawrence. But Mr. Caloust Gulbenkian was an Armenian, which means that he was able to get the better of even the most powerful and astute Greek. Let me add that if we may judge by the confidences of his two brothers, Karnig and Vahan, and by the revelations of his good uncle, Hadji Pasha, the excellent Caloust must have been a first-rate financier.

The battle between the Anglo-Persian and the Royal Dutch Shell on the one hand and the Standard Oil on the other became complicated by a battle within the English group between Caloust and Basil. Of course, Basil won. Was n't he twice as rich as Caloust? But contrary to expectation it was neither the international Greek nor the Armenian whom his own family detested who won the French oil market.

On the twenty-second of September, 1924, in the town hall of Arronville, Sir Basil Zaharoff, a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor and a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath and of the Order of the British Empire, married Maria del Pilar Antonia Angela Patrocinio Simona de Muqueira y Beruete, Duchess of Marchena and of Villafranca de los Caballeros and Prin-

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cess of Bourbon. He was seventy-five years old and she was sixty. They spent their honeymoon evoking the loveliest memories of the time when the wife of a Spanish nobleman showed the graciousness of a princess toward a Greek with an obscure past who was as handsome, cruel, and foot-loose as Ulysses. In the spring of 1926 Lady Zaharoff died. Four years previously, in the spring of 1922, Sir Basil had sent three hundred thousand poor Greek soldiers to a disastrous war. On both occasions death, Sir Basil's old associate, paid him a visit. The first time it snatched away his gigantic hopes; the second time, his only love.

Since then he has gone into retirement at Monte Carlo, but once more ferocious, ironic death has cleared the way for one who has devoted his life to death, much as children devote themselves to the Virgin Mary. The Société des Bains de Mer of Monte Carlo was controlled by a gallant gentleman, an aristocrat of the first water, Prince Radziwill. The Prince firmly opposed permitting the 'magnate of sudden death' to carry on his last intrigues in that peaceful principality. Prince Radziwill died in a strange fashion.

On the rocks of Monte Carlo Sir Basil Zaharoff, conqueror one last time, has found a Saint Helena bathed in perfume and sunshine. Napoleon had more men killed than Sir Basil did, it is true, but he had only genius and embarrassing prejudices—patriotism, for instance. Sir Basil despises the lives of others as much as Napoleon did, but he has never had any more patriotism than his guns, which spew forth death indifferently on the enemies of those who buy them. Sir Basil will die in peace. And, since he is a Grand Cross of the French Legion of Honor, he will be carried to his tomb on a gun carriage. A fine end for a munition merchant.

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One of the foremost Austrian essayists describes without rancor the subterranean vaults where the Bank of France hoards nearly all the gold in Europe.

Where France Hoards Gold

By STEFAN ZWEIG

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

THE most technically modern, the most significant and up-to-date structure in Paris looks extraordinarily commonplace from the outside. Thousands of people pass it every day without a glance as they walk through the narrow rue Montpensier or the rue des Petits Champs, realizing only that next to the old, imposing building that used to be the Palais La Brillière, and that is now the Bank of France, lies a broad, square open lot surrounded by a wooden fence, apparently awaiting the arrival of builders. But in reality the job was finished long ago. For this extraordinary structure, this palace, this armored vault, this fortress, does not rise above the ground with steep, imposing walls, but is sunk seven stories underground, deep and invisible. Beneath this empty lot in the middle of Paris lies the biggest gold mine in the modern world, protected by steel and cement, unknown and mysterious, the renowned cellar vaults of the Bank of France. To-day it contains seventy, and to-morrow will perhaps contain eighty, billion francs in coined and uncoined gold, a sum too vast to be imagined and such a treasure as neither Cæsar, Crassus, Cortez, Napoleon, nor any mortal man has ever seen gathered together in one place since the world began. This mysterious spot is the geometrical centre around which the whole economic universe revolves in its agitated orbit. Here lies, in a dangerously rigid, yet magnetic sleep, the magic metal from which all the unrest in the world radiates.

I succeeded in visiting this secret and mysterious labyrinth built around the world's gold, these cellars and chambers of the Bank of France of which we are now talking and dreaming so much yet which few of us have ever laid eyes on. I was not impelled merely by low curiosity but by that other more passionate and intellectual curiosity for which Jean Richard Bloch has found the perfect phrase, '*Pour mieux comprendre mon temps*'—'The better to understand my period.' We all feel that tremendous economic changes and transformations are in the air. Ancient laws are losing their meaning, stabilized values are los-

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ing their weight. Our economic and moral world is undergoing a cosmic change whose causes and ramifications we cannot wholly understand. We only realize, most of us with anxiety, a few with intellectual passion, that something is changing. But just as any underground transformation manifests itself only here and there by alterations on the earth's surface, so this amorphous process that we are going through reveals itself at only a few points in concrete, intelligible symbols. And only actual observation transforms an idea into an experience. The red flag flying from the roof of the Kremlin, dancing proudly in the wind like a flame of fire, is one of these symbols, and it represents an attack on the old order. The cellar vaults of the Bank of France are another symbol—a deep, cold, technically perfect defense made of steel and cement, a motionless, silent armed protection. For Moscow and Paris are the two key positions in a long-standing struggle. I am fortunate enough to have seen both cities, the one pole and the other, for in the field o tension between these two poles all our present economic world leads its existence.

For eighty-five feet, the height of a seven-story building, the elevator drops straight down into the earth through a rounded cement shaft in which it fits closely. On our way down an engineer tells us that we are passing through the bed of a stream—a fact that we should never have suspected and that seems almost incredible. This stream had at first seemed to block the way to our troglodyte destination, but modern technique is often able to turn obstacles into assets. In this case, the bed of the stream was propped up and it now forms a walled-off layer of water that affords added protection against any attempt to enter this underground chamber by force from above. For this chamber lies so deep that when it was being constructed the inhabitants of the houses that then stood on the vacant lot above never suspected that an inaccessible and indestructible vault was being built under their very cellars. They bought their tobacco and their stockings at little stores, they drank coffee, smoked and slept unaware that depth upon depth below their undisturbed homes a dark, vaulted chamber for gold was being hollowed out of the earth, silently and inexorably. And the stream still flows patiently on between the street level and this new subterranean cavern.

FINALLY, at the bottom of the elevator shaft, we find ourselves at the entrance to the artificial gold mine. My first feeling is how wonderfully quiet it is down here. No sound penetrates from above, not one of these innumerable and indefinable noises that reverberate in the street, strange mixtures of shouts and whistles, words and wind, grating and shouting and whispering and rattling, which, heard all together, sound like the roar of the ocean. A sense of peace descends that is at first frightening, but later this luminous silence induces happiness. And it is a luminous silence, for eternal day reigns in this modern catacomb. The white cement passageways are evenly illuminated by countless electric lights, and the air smells clean, as in the mountains. Great electrical compressors pump down oxygen with huge metal lungs, and there are no gasoline fumes, no dirt and dust. All the air is filtered and clean, heated and moistened, so that this artificial underground atmosphere is perhaps the most pleasant to be found anywhere in the whole metropolis, with all its gardens, waterways, and clear ozone. For technique at its best can always equal and surpass the creations of nature.

There is one entrance door, broad

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and thick, yet its hinges are so perfectly oiled that a child could move it with his finger. It is a steel plate as thick through as a man and made of a single piece of glittering metal. This was to be expected, for since the beginning of the world gold and iron have always been brothers. Wherever gold exists it calls into existence its stronger brother, iron. Just as the weaker woman needs the stronger man, so the soft, yielding metal needs to be protected by the hard, strong metal. When gold takes the form of currency or property, iron always forms its sword and shield. When gold lies sleeping, iron must be awake, for the two are eternally bound together, and no one knows which is in the service of the other, whether gold buys iron to use it fighting a war, or whether iron is used so that gold may be seized as booty and property.

The open armored door looks threatening, and as I walk past it a shudder runs down my spine, for if it should swing shut I should be buried alive. No earthly power could ever move this huge, tremendous weight. But in a few steps I find myself almost smiling. What a mistake. Did I imagine that just this one door served to protect the interior of the labyrinth? By no means, I have only passed through the vestibule and have hardly got beyond the first palisade. This armored door is nothing but a fragile little garden gate, nothing but a thin cover laid over the hard shell of the nut itself. Clerks and workers are admitted to this anteroom, where everything is open and public, but we must go farther down. Dante's Paradise and Hell had seven circles, and the cellar of the Bank of France has perhaps even more.

Suddenly, as I stand surrounded by bright electric light, I am reminded of *The Arabian Nights*. For we are able to go no further. We have reached the end of our journey. Across our path stands a rigid, glittering wall of steel. I look in vain for any door, any entrance, any aperture, any crack. There is nothing. The wall is smooth, blank, empty. Only some magic formula, some Open Sesame (all fairy tales come true some time) will cause it to open. Some divine sign must and shall be given, not from heaven but from the invisible, from somebody who has observed and protected us on our underground journey in some technical, magical fashion. A sign must now come from a higher region. Suddenly the rigid wall moves, sliding sideways like the wall in Edgar Allan Poe's story about the Inquisition without for an instant ceasing to be an impassable wall. Something is being shifted like a scene on a stage; tremendous invisible forces are raising, lowering, or pulling something in the armored wall, and on its rigid surface appears—certainly not a door, a gate, or an opening. Yet some kind of change has come over the wall. I seem to notice that its surface has a kind of marking, contact field, or inscription where it was completely smooth before. But it still remains a gigantic wall of steel, rigid, perpendicular, and strong.

We then step aside, for on tracks that we had not noticed an electric locomotive appears and goes up to the rigid wall. A signal is given and the locomotive starts back, pulling a solid piece of wall with it, a square, smooth block of steel taller than a man and as thick as six or seven men. A whole regiment could not dislodge such a weight, yet the locomotive moves noiselessly and with almost arrogant ease. For modern technique is as proud of itself as an acrobat who likes to show that tricks that seem miraculous to us are really quite natural and not at all difficult. We investigate this gigantic protective door of splendid, bare, smooth, cold, pure, water-colored steel that feels like agate but that is a hundred times harder. From it we can measure the thickness of the wall, off which the shells

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of dreadnaughts would bounce like rose petals. And now we get our first real conception of the strength of this ringed fortress that defies any attack. No bomb could make the least impression on its smooth surface, no power could penetrate to its inmost recesses, to its heart of gold. Abandon hope, all ye who dream of entering here. The techniques of war and peace have worked together to create this wall. Here human intelligence has concentrated on defending gold.

WE pass through the square tunnel of the magically opened steel wall and make our way through a labyrinth. Everything is bright as day and clean and white as a hospital corridor. Where are we now? Perhaps under the street, perhaps under the cellar of some house, perhaps under the Place des Victoires or the National Library? Only the guide knows the thread of Ariadne that will lead us out.

At length we enter a tremendous room as big as a church or a theatre. Its roof is supported by hundreds of short, thick, cement pillars, a forest of supports like those in the Mosque of Cordova or the rock-hewn Indian Temple of Madras. The only difference is that, whereas those other places are dark and therefore mysterious, this room is brilliantly lighted yet seven times as mysterious, being utterly empty. Where are we—in an abandoned refectory, a deserted monastery, a modern catacomb eighty-five feet underground? Who uses this enormous room? No divine service is held here, no theatrical performances are given and no meetings. No furnishings, no inscription, no word tells its purpose. The pillars stand bare and chalklike in the empty, even light. In the corner are some wooden chairs and tables scattered about as if they had been left by mistake. But no one sits here. Everything looks unused, pointless, and meaningless.

But actually this hall has its significance, and an exceedingly prudent significance it is. The hall is being reserved for the most terrible hour in human destiny, for the apocalypse, for war and upheaval, for the moment when the city and its financial citadel are in danger. Just as a submarine dives beneath the surface to protect itself when it sees an attack coming, so the whole Bank of France, with all its offices, employees, books, papers, and typewriters, will sink eighty-five feet underground out of the disturbed zone down to this inaccessible hall of security, where it will keep on working, undisturbed. The armored doors will seal themselves hermetically. They will make themselves into walls, and no stormy events can penetrate this stillness. The gigantic operations of the Bank of France will continue uninterrupted in this unique refuge.

But how will people live here? What will they live on, cut off from the upper world, without water, light, warmth, or nourishment? The technical guide smiles. That is all provided for. The neighboring rooms contain enough provisions for eighty days. There are electric stoves, dormitories, beds, everything that human beings can possibly need. The water comes from a special source and cannot be cut off. The electricity is not connected with the city's electrical supply. There is a room full of steel-gray machines that look like strange, antediluvian monsters and that generate tremendous power that lights this underground world, pumps in air, provides heat, and introduces dampness, for these engines generate that power of all powers, electricity, which human ingenuity has magically imprisoned in gigantic fly wheels and which can be released by the turn of a lever.

One recognizes with horror all the

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gruesome genius that has provided for every eventuality. Our whole world may collapse in disorder. Uproar may sweep the city. Airplanes may circle overhead. The drunken god of war may rage from one end of the world to the other, but in this little armored underground cavern one or two hundred men can go on living like microbes. They will hear nothing and know nothing of what is happening in the world above. Though the earth drinks the blood of thousands, not one drop will penetrate this hermetically sealed steel coffin. Typewriters will keep on tapping, ledgers will be filled. Checks will be written, and the gold will sleep unharmed, undisturbed, unattainable, and, if the last hour comes and the whole machine breaks down, this one little wheel will keep on turning. If all Europe, if all the world cowers in fear and terror, this one room will enjoy security and safety for eighty days.

We pass through passage after passage and finally come to a room whose walls are honeycombed with safes that contain the golden honey of innumerable working bees. These safes are not mere safe-deposit boxes, but whole rooms that look like the bare, white cells of some profane kind of monastery, with a table and chair in each. We enter one and are amazed at the steely silence. No anchorite in the desert or in the rock-girt mountains could ever have known such stillness, for even in the most deserted places nature still lives in the cry of a bird, the whistle of the wind, the soft rustle of shifting sand, or the buzz of a cricket. But here there is nothing. Here there is only the stillness of stone. No sound penetrates this cell where stock certificates are sleeping.

Everything is as quiet as it would be at the bottom of some ocean too deep for the largest wave to cause any disturbance, where the water is as smooth and dead as rock itself. Paper symbols whose value runs into the millions lie behind silent walls, debts of foreign nations, whole railway lines, steamship companies, tea plantations, and industries—all represented in certificates. One reflects with a smile that a whole factory with forty smokestacks and a thousand machines may repose in one drawer and that another drawer may contain a whole Japanese or Manchurian railway with locomotives, tenders, cars, stations, shops, and offices. For thanks to the symbolic concentration of property in the form of stocks and bonds a whole archipelago can be fitted into a single steel drawer that a little key locks and unlocks. A little room like this is capable of containing all the wealth in the world, just as the small skull of a man is filled with boundless ideas.

But happily these cells have a higher, almost divine purpose. For, just as human beings can take refuge in the hall of security, so at a moment of danger works of art can find protection here. Within a few hours all the treasures of the Louvre, all the manuscripts in the National Library, all the valuable ivory collection in the Cluny Museum can find security here, if the world ever undergoes another attack of its old madness and a great wave of destruction inundates cities and fields. The remaining works of Leonardo need not suffer the same fate that nine-tenths of his creations have already undergone and fall victim to the raging, brutish fury of war. Down here Mona Lisa can smile as she has done for the past four hundred years while men fall upon each other madly. The most divine possessions we have, those works of art whose inner value is everlasting, will at last be fully protected in their earthly form. And one thinks more kindly of the technical spirit for being able to provide this armored retreat for

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the works of its enlightened brother, creative genius, and for being able to preserve from the madness of mankind the perishable part of what is immortal.

Then come still more corridors. We look through an iron grille at a kind of anteroom. What is happening? Laborers are moving heavy wooden chests on wheelbarrows. They might just as well be handling sugar, wool, or dates, but we know that only costly goods exist down here, the golden honey of a million worker bees. This honey has just arrived by airplane, ship, or railway, for it is golden freight from every corner of the world, gold bars and pure coined gold, carefully packed in small crates.

Some of this gold has wandered about for centuries; some of it was mined in the Carpathian and Ural Mountains, some in the sands of California. Some of it has moved from Carthage to Rome, from Rome to Byzantium, from Byzantium to Germany or Russia. Some has passed through thousands of hands across the sea and has now come back from the New World seeking rest and sleep in the bowels of the earth, where it originated. Here we come upon the very heart of the building, for the vaults where the actual bars are lying must be close at hand.

No intruding foot may enter this immense sanctuary of gold. Too much of this mightiest of all metals has poured in here during the recent destiny-laden months. At telegraphic speed the human will has summoned bars of gold from distant lands and over wide seas, until there was more than the existing space could accommodate. New passageways are now being dug, new caverns, new catacombs, new resting places for the restless gold. Perhaps new technical secrets are being discovered to guarantee it even more careful, complete protection. In any event, I did not get a single glance at its yellow radiance that produces such excitement when the human eye rests upon it.

Perhaps this was just as well. For even to have seen bars packed in crates would have been disenchanting enough. The strange power that gold exercises in the modern world is due chiefly to the fact that it is invisible. As long as we could lay hold of it we had hardly any reverence for it at all, but since it has fled it has become sought after. Formerly it never occurred to anyone to think and talk about the gold of France, for in the old days this most industrious and economical of all nations allowed gold to pass openly from hand to hand. Every day its ringing music would be heard on the tables of cafés and on the zinc counters of tobacco stores, and no worker was so poor that he did not possess at least one *petit louis*. News venders would accept gold without astonishment and the little prostitute would put a gold coin in her stocking without fear. Gold was commoner than paper is to-day. It was sparkling and free. Coined gold passed through the hands of thousands upon thousands of people, and by wandering freely about in this way acquired an almost human warmth. But now that it is lying still in cold and mysterious hoards it is agitating the whole world.

Now we are standing at the threshold of its inaccessible resting place. Behind this wall of steel and cement we know that there reposes a hoard of gold that has become legendary, all the gold in France. Now at last I am at the centre of our economic world. From here invisible waves radiate to the markets, stock exchanges, and banks, and when one touches this cold metal wall one has touched the earth's axis at the present time. Yet one feels no oscillation either in one's outstretched hand or in one's soul. If gray sand or some worthless waste material lay here, if some

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valueless mineral were behind the artificial barriers of concrete, the stillness could not be any different. The point is that we know that gold lies in the earth here, and it is this thought and this alone that makes the cold, bare wall mysterious. It is not what actually lies behind it but what we believe lies behind it, for only so long as we give this idle yellow metal value will it be worth more than any other substance. Matter itself has no creative power; only our belief in it can give it that.

Yet if this scene were viewed from some other star, from Sirius or Aldebaran, would not the inhabitants of that distant world smile at this strange two-legged race that inhabits this earth of ours? In spite of the sovereign power of the intellect, mines are carefully constructed in South Africa where the dullest of all metals is dug out of the earth and then shipped thousands of miles to be deposited in an even more carefully constructed mine where it is protected by walls of steel. Even the cleverest of us cannot detect any real purpose in this expense of energy. Perhaps it is due to the mysterious, inexplicable essence of our earthly spirit. Perhaps we are always destined to create some form of madness in order to undergo some high experience for its sake. For this gold has become almost a religion. It is the oldest form of madness there is, dating back thousands of years. But the gods themselves change and alter as generations pass, and a future race of men will perhaps pass by this structure and all its technical wonders and improvements with indifference. But they will show much more reverence three blocks further on when they come to the real, eternal treasure chambers of our world, the National Library with its millions of books and the Louvre with its divine pictures by Rembrandt and Leonardo.

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Henry Ford's gigantic rubber plantation in Brazil is described by a German traveler. Here is the beginning of a new chapter of 'dollar imperialism.'

FORD *in* Brazil

By Arnold Höllriegel

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin Liberal Daily

THE European discoverers of Brazil saw Indians from the jungle playing with strange elastic balls. They were not playing football but headball, and the balls that they bounced off their heads were made of a substance that came from the sap of a certain tree. The Portuguese *conquistadores* soon found all kinds of uses for this substance. In Brazilian Portuguese rubber is still called '*seringa*,' that is, syringe. The Anglo-Saxons say 'rubber,' which means something to rub with. Most of the other European nations have used the original Indian word, 'caoutchouc.'

The New World presented four great vegetable products to the Old World—potatoes, corn, tobacco, and cocoa. Lately the sap of the rubber tree seems to have become of almost equal importance. At first, when rubber was used only for galoshes and overcoats, European civilization did not realize its possibilities. But when the automobile age arrived we found that the world could no longer do without rubber.

Some day the rubber epic will find its poet. The adventures of gold have been sung again and again in tales of California and Alaska prospectors, but the *seringueiro*, the rubber seeker of the Brazilian jungle, is an even more romantic figure. He is a poor, gentle, half-breed Indian who sets out in the morning with musket, bush knife, and knapsack, leaving his wretched little palm-leaf hut on the banks of a great river and penetrating the jungle. He balances his way across fallen tree trunks that bridge deep streams. Crocodiles and fierce devilfish lurk in the water below. The *seringueiro* encounters the jaguar and the boa constrictor. The thicket through which he walks with bare legs is full of poisonous creatures, little insects more dangerous than huge animals. In the course of his walk the *seringueiro* comes upon a hundred to a hundred and fifty rubber trees scattered far and wide through the jungle. He calls the path he follows his *estrada*, his jungle path, and he must follow it every day, going from tree to tree, cutting notches in the smooth, white bark of the *Hevea brasiliensis*. In the evening on the way back he finds the little cans that he has tied to

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the trees full of a thick, white, sweet, milky sap that he pours into a big bucket. Now the *seringueiro* has to carry his load back through the damp heat and then he must smoke the rubber sap until it coagulates. The *seringueiro* and his family breathe the poisonous smoke. All this they are paid for by a rich man in Pará or Manaos, to whom they owe money and who pays them wretchedly.

The future rubber epic will contain passages reminiscent of Dante's *Inferno*. Men have not suffered worse tortures seeking gold than they have undergone seeking black gold, or rubber. The rubber atrocities in Putumayo that Roger Casement, the Irish hero, exposed before the War are now almost forgotten but they offered a terrible chapter of slavery, murder, and torture inflicted upon gentle, submissive brown men for the profit of certain powerful rubber barons. All this happened in our own time. Every rubber tire that went to build up the automobile business reeked of sweat and blood.

Up to the War, almost all the rubber from the equatorial jungles along the Amazon and the Congo was tapped from wild trees, but half a century ago a British scientist quite innocently brought some of the seeds of the *Hevea brasiliensis*, the real rubber tree, from the Amazon to London, and in the greenhouses of Kew Gardens he grew the little shoots from which the tremendous rubber plantations of Ceylon and Indo-China, as well as the Dutch East Indies, developed. Up to that time rubber had been procured in a romantic, adventurous fashion, but the new rubber plantations in the Far East were developed in modern, rational style, and within twenty-five years they were pushing Brazil's Pará rubber off the world market. The fantastic jungle cities that had grown up during the early development of rubber—Pará, Manaos, Iquitos—were ruined. The *seringueiro* no longer patrolled his *estrada*. Black gold had become almost worthless.

TOWARD the end of the prosperity period, the great powers of the American automobile industry began to find their dependence on the rubber plantations of the British colonies intolerable. The mighty expanses of the United States produce nearly all the raw materials that our technical age requires. Only the rubber tree refuses to grow outside the hottest tropics. In the event of a new world war America and Detroit might be deprived of rubber tires, a terrifying possibility.

Two friends, Thomas Alva Edison and Henry Ford, began to discuss this question together. Edison devoted the last years of his wonderful life to the task of discovering an American substitute for Asiatic plantation rubber, but his experiments with the sap of various North American plants yielded no satisfactory results and he died leaving the problem unsolved. Already, however, his friend the automobile king had made a decision. If it was not possible to produce rubber in North America, at least rubber could again be obtained in South America, and in accordance with the modern industrial methods of British planters, not in the wild old romantic way. In 1927 the news spread through the world that Henry Ford had procured from the Brazilian Government a tremendous concession of land along the Tapajoz River and that he was going to plant rubber trees there.

American industrial capital sees its true reserves in the natural wealth of Latin America. Brazil produces coffee, an important product widely enjoyed in the United States, and if the North American copper mines and petroleum wells are ever exhausted Chile will supply plenty of copper and Venezuela

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plenty of petroleum. Hence the relentless policy of Pan-American economic unification, with its constant penetration of American capital into the Latin American republics in spite of apparently unprofitable financial operations. The peaceful penetration of South America continues even in this period of crisis.

I visited the Amazon. At one point I saw the blue-black water of a tributary river pouring into the yellow waters of the main stream. I was told that here, by the town of Santarem, the Tapajoz emptied into the Amazon and that a number of miles upstream lay the new Ford concession, which the Brazilians call 'Fordlandia.'

There have been kingdoms much smaller than Fordlandia. Ford's concession covers three million acres of jungle and follows the river for seventy-five miles. It is the outermost boundary of human civilization. The upper waters of the Tapajoz flow through the almost unknown jungle of the state of Matto Grosso, and the land between the Tapajoz and the Xingu, which runs parallel to it, is one of the few completely unexplored regions in the world. There are still people who believe that El Dorado lies there and a few years ago a famous English explorer set forth on an expedition in that direction, never to return. People in Brazil firmly believe that Henry Ford secured his concession of land because he knew that it contained hidden gold and diamond mines. At any rate, the North Brazilians accuse the gringo of wanting to seize their property, arguing that if Ford were interested only in rubber he would not spend millions establishing a plantation but would simply buy jungle rubber from the *seringueiro* for almost nothing.

I was not able to visit the kingdom of Fordlandia myself and I got my information about it by conversing with a certain Senhor Caetano de Oliveira Cabral whom I met in Manaos. He is one of the most distinguished agricultural experts in Brazil and had just come back from the Tapajoz. Our conversation was conducted in the shade of a rubber tree. I slit its bark with my knife and the milky sap oozed slowly out. We met on a little experimental plantation that Senhor Cabral is overseeing. Rubber plantations are very rare in Brazil, but if Ford's experiment succeeds huge plantations will undoubtedly develop along the banks of the Amazon. Here in the country where the *Hevea brasiliensis* originated the tree is less subject to disease than it is in the East Indies, and there is reason to believe that modern plantations would do better here than in Malaysia.

UNDER this tree, while a small army of green parrots were screaming under the shade of a neighboring nut tree, Caetano Cabral told me about the beginnings of Fordlandia. In 1928 Ford began to clear the jungle along the Tapajoz and to plant rubber trees. He started out with characteristic thoroughness. Three thousand Brazilian workers were put on the job at high pay. But at once political difficulties occurred. A dark agitation developed and two-thirds of the workers were dismissed. It seems that the Americans in charge of the undertaking did not understand the psychology of the half-breed Indian population and at the outset did the unheard-of thing of completely forbidding the consumption of alcohol. The work, which had been started, came to a complete halt to the great delight of many Brazilians who did not like to witness the expansion of the gringo. Ford put seven million dollars into the plantation during the first three years and perhaps he may get even more out of it. In any event, after the first few difficulties had been overcome the

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work continued and by last October three thousand acres of jungle had been cleared and two thousand more acres are to be cleared this year. In October 1,200,000 rubber trees were already planted and no less than ten million sprouts were growing in tree nurseries. Since a rubber tree must be about six years old before it yields any sap, not an ounce of rubber has yet been extracted from Fordlandia.

The Companhia Ford Industrial do Brazil maintains its headquarters in Boavista, which used to be a kind of jungle settlement of palm-leaf houses. To-day Boavista has become a little modern city. It has new houses for workers and bungalows for clerks. These are protected—an unheard-of thing along the Amazon—by mosquito netting against the worst annoyance in this part of the world. And they also have staunch roofs and walls, as well as shower baths, all of which are just as unprecedented as the mosquito netting. There is electric light at Boavista and a public water supply of sterilized water. There is a modern hospital, a school, and a hotel. In a word, the town is equipped with all the American comforts.

However, Boavista is not destined to be the future capital of Fordlandia. A little railway has been built running from the river into the jungle and a new town is to be erected at its terminus, in the heart of the whole concession. Excellent roads have already been laid through the jungle and a great number of Ford automobiles and tractors use them. A regular hydroplane service is to be organized between Boavista and Pará, and since a line of airplanes already operates between Pará and New York, Ford's Amazon kingdom is not so far from his Detroit kingdom as might be imagined.

Ford launched his plantation on the Tapajoz at a time when the American automobile industry seemed to have no limits to its growth and the United States was spending three hundred million dollars a year on rubber. Now, during the great crisis, the economic basis for the experiment has been shattered and many people doubt whether the new plantation can make money. But Ford will not use the products of Fordlandia solely for his own factory in Detroit. It is likely that he will make automobile tires in Brazil and sell them to South American countries. To-day Brazil, where rubber originated, imports more rubber in the form of finished goods than it exports as a raw product.

Henry Ford has never yet seen one of his big plans fail. If this one succeeds, if the machine, the tractor, can open a breach in the great green wall of the Amazon jungle, if Ford plants millions of rubber trees where there used to be nothing but jungle solitude, then the romantic history of rubber will have a great new chapter. A new and titanic fight between nature and modern man is beginning. In our stormy period there are few manifestations more significant than this great experiment on the outer edge of civilization, in Henry Ford's new kingdom on the Tapajoz.

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One of the foremost Soviet novelists describes the gay *caballeros* of Madrid. This superb piece of anti-romantic reporting shows how little the revolution of a year ago really accomplished.

Gentlemen *of* SPAIN

By Ilya Ehrenburg

Translated from *Das Tage-Buch*
Berlin Radical Weekly

MADRID wakes up very late. Yawning clerks lay out their goods on display at ten o'clock. The first mail is delivered at eleven, but nobody has appeared in any of the ministries by eleven except servants and petitioners from the provinces. The more punctual officials arrive on their jobs at about noon, and since Madrid is a city of officials it can be said without exaggeration that life in Madrid does not begin until twelve o'clock.

Every Spaniard with a higher education despises discipline and the state equally. 'Communism is unthinkable among us. We are not Russians, we are individualists.' These words were spoken by Señor Lerroux, and any young lawyer will use almost the same language. Everybody advocates freedom of activity and opposes the state. But this does not prevent people from wanting to have careers as government officials.

To the foreigner Spain seems exotic. He brings with him his own mental picture of the cigarette girls, whom not only Parisians but visitors from the Far East imagine in their dreams as typically Spanish. The foreign visitor expects to see Madrid officials dressed in crazy flowing robes, but actually the only difference between the Madrid civil servant and the London civil servant is that the Spaniard spends two hours a day in his office instead of eight. He does not bother with state papers but either sighs away his time lamenting the money he has lost playing cards or devises new schemes of enriching himself by picking the pockets of shy provincials who keep making appeals to him.

After the April revolution it was impossible to enter any government office. All the ministries were besieged by mobs, not of revolutionists presenting strong demands, but of polite applicants hoping for positions. All those who had ever yearned for public office had become loyal republicans. They wanted you to know that they had not accepted office before because of their unbending convictions, but now

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they were ready to serve the republic. When it became known, however, that the former employees were not to be dismissed and that no jobs were open, the crowd muttered in disgust, 'What kind of a revolution is this?'

Besides the officials in Madrid there are a great many lawyers, about seven thousand, according to statistics. They are active in every possible direction, not confining their efforts to the law. For it is very easy to become a lawyer. It involves no duties and the word '*abogado*' on one's visiting card looks respectable, if not actually distinguished.

Most of the government officials and lawyers are men of some brilliance, but of rather limited knowledge. They know all about the heroic deeds of bullfighters. They are more than skillful at whispering poetic words into the ears of the *señoritas* they meet, saying such things as 'Oh, you lovely creature, I am dying of passion.' They are familiar with all the nuances of politics and know that one should not approach Señor Prieto with a letter of introduction from Señor Marche, but that is as far as their knowledge extends. One jurist who worked for the Ministry of Justice was really astonished to learn that there was a country called Holland. He had heard the word but thought it referred to a mountain pass. Another does not know the multiplication table and a third, a public prosecutor in Caceres, asked me whether Lenin was still ruling Russia and refused to believe me when I told him that Lenin had been dead for eight years.

The state attorneys and officials do not make much money, but conditions in Madrid are such that one can lead an easy life there on practically nothing. A *caballero* spends all day in the cafés. First he drinks a glass of vermuth as an *apéritif* before his plentiful midday meal, and with his vermuth he consumes a quantity of other things—olives, little crabs, and potato chips. The *caballero* devours these extras greedily and after lunch proudly walks over to another café, where he drinks his afternoon coffee, naturally with milk, for our *caballero* is not yet replete. And often, instead of coffee, he drinks plain milk, which is much more sensible. Then he sits on the terrace of the café and over his warm milk passionately awaits the advent of the revolution, which must be just around the corner.

ALL these gentlemen are elegantly dressed. The streets are full of hawkers selling ties for a peseta each, and what a variety of colors they display. The *caballero* changes his cravat every day. It is even more important to him than his noonday meal. Nor does he forget his shoes. The moment a *caballero* has two copper coins in his pocket he summons a shoeblack and closes his eyes with joy, as if he would like to spend the whole day having his shoes shined. Indeed, when he is rich he has them shined every hour, and in the early morning when the care-free *caballero* is wandering home he often has his shoes polished again one last time. But whereas Englishmen often shave twice a day, the *caballero* is quite careless about his face, often not shaving for three days on end. His shoes, however, are more important and must always have a shine.

The married *caballero*, of course, has a home and numerous children. He spends a great deal of time in his house, where his wife cooks *cocido* and darns stockings. But who his wife is and where his home is even his best friends don't know, for home and family are as private a matter in Spain as an unmade bed in any other country. The *caballero* sees his friends only in clubs and cafés.

Spanish clubs bear small resemblance

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to those of England. The Englishmen go to their clubs to keep silent, and their clubs are dark, silent places. The Spanish clubs, on the other hand, look like shops with big windows in which live *caballeros* are on exhibit like merchandise, sitting in their chairs and looking out on the street. It is a kind of bourgeois window display. Often a row of chairs is lined up outside the club building on the street, where members sit and look about them. But meditation does not prevail over conversation, and all Spanish clubs are terribly noisy. During the first few days after the revolution the chairs in front of the clubs were empty. The *caballeros* were not quite sure what the word 'republic' meant but they soon recovered their poise and resumed their old habit of sitting outdoors when the sun is shining and behind glass windows when it rains. Club members spend their time observing the world and playing cards. The Spaniards are an honorable people, and it is rare for even a single apple to be stolen in Spain. But club members have their own customs. Every evening in a certain big club in Madrid one of the most respected members carries the cash box from one room to another, this member being either a count, a duke, or a marquis. But in spite of his high title a few hundred pesetas vanish from the cash box every day.

The more noble the *caballero* the less inclined he is to work. Such a man is a true individualist. In one of the newspapers, *El Liberal*, there is a column of aristocratic want ads. of which the following is typical: 'A young man of noble birth is looking for a feminine patron of the same age with a kind heart. 150 pesetas a month.' And here is another: 'A dark-haired man of twenty-four is seeking an attractive but no longer young lady friend. He is of moderate means and urgently needs 125 pesetas.'

Here is a typical café scene at five o'clock in the morning. The guests are fine *caballeros* from the best families. They love the beauty of life and despise lowly labor. Into the café come girls who give these fine *caballeros* hard cash. In other European metropolises such men form a caste of their own, but here they are café patrons, club members who are interested in politics and literature when they are not busy with their profession.

When a government official has lost money at gambling he tries to make good this loss by accepting bribes from people who come to him for help and by threatening them with lawsuits and jail sentences. The police have particularly good opportunities when, for instance, two automobiles collide, for in that case the motorist who pays the larger fine will be considered innocent. Then there are sanitary regulations and political offenses—crimes against the republic and conspiracies. The municipal officials also do well for themselves. Everybody knows how a certain Madrid politician who was in charge of building new public toilets became rich. He would notify the owner of some fine house that he was unfortunately going to have to put up a toilet beside his garden gate.

IT is easy enough for an official who has lost money at gambling to recover this loss, but how does a candidate for an official position behave? Here is a typical scene in a Madrid club between Marquis X and Count Y. The Marquis says, 'Could you perhaps help me out to the extent of ten duros?' Amazed silence. The Count is an individualist and knows that the Marquis is one, too, and will therefore never pay back the money. The Marquis then offers his gold watch as security, but who knows how much the watch is worth, for all that glitters is not gold. The two

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aristocratic *caballeros* then go to the nearest jeweler to get a price on the watch, and apart from this little detail they remain the best of friends.

In Madrid the pawnshop plays the combined rôle of church, bank, and cemetery. One day you redeem your pledge at a pawnshop. The next you bring your watch, overcoat, or counterpane back again. Everyone lives from hand to mouth. Olives, coffee with milk, a new necktie. Life is easy and empty. The offices that have just opened close their doors before you can turn around, but theatres and movies are crowded. The six o'clock show is the matinée. The real performance begins at eleven o'clock in the evening. At two in the morning the streets are full of people. The *caballeros* promenade, pay compliments to the beautiful ladies, and criticize Señor Azaña, saying that Manza is an abler man.

In every Spanish city there is one street, or often only one side of one street, where all the *caballeros* walk every day from six to nine. This is part of their individualism. In Madrid they walk on the Calle de Alcalá, where they are pressed close together, walking one behind the other.

A day is over. It began at noon and now the cocks are crowing. One can go to sleep. But the *caballero* is filled with passion. The compliments that he has paid to the lovely ladies have given him no more satisfaction than his two glasses of milk. He therefore approaches a respectable lady sitting at the next table and politely lifts his hat. Is she perhaps his aunt? Hardly, for he seems full of radiance. Is he, perhaps, a spiritual brother of the aristocrats who advertise in *El Liberal*, or is he interested only in older ladies? No. None of these answers is correct, for beside the gray-haired lady sits a pretty young girl. But one must not speak to the girl. That is quite unheard of. And the old lady will not let the girl out of her sight. One therefore speaks of this and that, of the weather, the bullfight, the lottery. The lady calls the girl her daughter and notices everything. She sees the *caballero's* passion and invites him to accompany them home. On the way the *caballero* prudently inquires the price and asks if it can't be made a little cheaper, for times are hard, what with the Republic and the crisis. Of course, the girl takes no part in this conversation. She is innocent and poetic. Obviously the worthy lady is not her mother, nor yet her aunt. She is a kind of impresario. The girl comes from Andalusia. She is the daughter of a peasant and used to be employed in a Madrid laundry. She has lively eyes but is otherwise rather simple. She could easily be cheated, and one can't be too careful with a *caballero*. Finally, the deal is completed and the matron withdraws to another room after wishing the other two good night. Now at last the day is over, and the *caballero* can go to his rest. Of course, open houses of prostitution can also be found in Madrid where no diplomatic conversation is necessary, and there are many of them which the so-called individualists frequently visit.

ANOTHER day, a brilliant Madrid day is over, a day made for solitude and shepherds' songs. A hollow, noisy day is defeated and done with. The Spaniards are not a happy people. In the noise of their conversation, in the glow of their lights, lurks boredom, ready to engulf them. The *caballero* is thoroughly familiar with boredom, but he does not want anyone to catch him yawning. His favorite expression is 'to kill time.' He does not drink coffee because he enjoys it, but merely to kill time. That is a complicated business. It demands long experience and, what is more, a tradition handed down for generations.

Time is an enemy. Most of the

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caballeros are very busy. They control three of the ministries, write in ten newspapers, work in fifteen different political parties, and are in love with many different women. They have n't a moment to themselves. When one *caballero* agrees to meet another at five he arrives at seven. He could n't come sooner, he was too busy, though he was actually sitting in a near-by café killing time. Only bullfights and lottery drawings occur punctually in Spain, for they are almost a religion. Everything else—theatres, trains, church services, meetings, and funerals—begins late. Time is a dread enemy, much more difficult to kill than a bull, but it must be overwhelmed.

Spain's capital, with its palaces, skyscrapers, newspapers, literary cafés, beautiful ladies, and lazy *caballeros*, is a combination of pleasure and pain, sensuality and shame. Do not forget that the *caballeros* are not a rare species, of interest only to ethnographers. They are the whole of Madrid, the nation's capital, which they have always ruled, and still rule. And while they are killing time the nation is dying of hunger.

In past ages Spain gave the world its greatest learned men, but now every other book in the University Library is a translation. German engineers are working on the new buildings. Businesses and banks are filled with Englishmen or Americans. Spain used to have wonderful architects. To-day Spanish architecture is bankrupt, and it is hard to find anything more lacking in taste than the rich men's palaces in Valencia and Barcelona. Young writers sit in the Madrid cafés, æsthetes and snobs, eagerly copying Paris fashions, worshiping Cocteau. Is there a single successor to Cervantes to be found among them?

But why talk of the dead? In Andalusia I met day laborers who know more about politics than most lawyers in Madrid. The Valencia shoemaker is an artist at his craft who could easily find a job in Paris or London. How about the *caballero?* In his own country he claims to be an engineer, but I am afraid that he could find work only as a manual laborer in Paris. You hear much more sense talked at a trade-union meeting in Barcelona than at a session of the Cortes. The Castilian peasants have hewn a nation out of rock. What have the Madrid individualists made of this nation?

But such questions don't disturb them. They receive their salaries or their bribes. They drink coffee and kill time. There is a saying that there are lost minutes in everybody's life. I know a journalist in Madrid who inherited a small sum of money from his father. He at once went to live in a boarding house, laid out all his cravats on his dressing table, sat down at his desk, and wrote on a sheet of paper, 'In the life of every man there are lost years.' He then hung this statement on the wall and went to bed for a long time.

For many years Spain has been ruled by individualists and no one knows when it will be free of them. Lately they have proclaimed a republic of workers, apparently absent-mindedly. Would n't it be better to follow the example of my journalist friend and inscribe on every wall in Spain, 'In the life of every country there are lost centuries?'

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Persons and Personages

Briand As I Knew Him

By Sir Austen Chamberlain

From the *Sunday Times*, London Conservative Sunday Paper

SINCE the death of Gustav Stresemann the world has suffered no loss comparable to the passing of Aristide Briand. He had witnessed the horrors of the War, and the cries of the widowed and the fatherless had struck deep into his soul. Peace had become with him a veritable passion; he was indomitable in its pursuit, and his presence at the Quai d'Orsay was a guarantee that the policy of France would be peaceful. 'There will be no war while I remain minister.' That pledge he gave to the world; how faithfully he kept it all men can bear witness.

My first meeting with Briand after I became secretary of state for foreign affairs was at the Council of the League of Nations held in Rome in December 1924. I set myself at once to win his confidence, and through him to regain for my country the confidence and sympathy of France, for I was profoundly convinced then, as I still am, that it is only by the maintenance of this mutual confidence and by close coöperation between our two nations that the rehabilitation of Germany and the restoration of Europe can be achieved. The occupation of the Ruhr had followed on our differences; the evacuation first of Cologne and then of the whole Rhineland five years in advance of the Treaty date were the fruits of our agreement. Briand shared my point of view and was quick to respond to my advances.

Next year he became president of the Council and foreign minister of France. Thereafter our coöperation was constant as long as I remained foreign secretary, and our friendship ripened into a close and affectionate intimacy. We had tried one another out in long and exhausting negotiations, and each had complete confidence in the good faith and loyalty of the other.

What manner of man was this who, amid the rapid changes of French governments, was not only twelve times prime minister but held the portfolio of foreign affairs for seven consecutive years, until failing health forced him to resign a few months ago; who won the confidence of Stresemann as completely as my own; who was throughout perhaps the most powerful single personality in the League of Nations, and became in some sort the living embodiment of its spirit?

Physically a man of medium height, with broad, stooping shoulders, deep-chested, his head crowned with an untidy shock of graying hair. A heavy, drooping moustache half hid a slightly crooked, full-lipped mouth, whose ugliness was redeemed by an enchanting smile that matched well

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the bright eyes dancing with an often slightly malicious wit. He was, indeed, incorrigibly witty; he could not help it. The good things sprang irresistibly to his lips in graver discussions no less than in his lighter moments. 'Tell me Briand's latest,' was the greeting with which Lord Balfour used to receive me on my return from my visits to Geneva, and we used to enjoy together the feast that Briand had provided.

The famous game of golf at Cannes that upset his ministerial coach provided an example. Lord Riddell was at that time acting as a sort of super press agent for Mr. Lloyd George. Briand's first drive, as might be expected, had not sent the ball far. When Lord Riddell drove off with a skilled stroke, '*Tiens!*' exclaimed Briand, 'he sets his ball flying like a bit of false news.'

This is delightful chaff, but his thrust on occasion could be deadly. On his return to Paris he found that his colleagues had already decided his fall, and that the friend to whom he had especially entrusted his interests during his absence had joined his foes. Seizing the situation at a glance, he thrust his papers back into his portfolio and, rising from the Council table, announced that he was going to tender his resignation to the President of the Republic. Then, with his hand on the door, he turned to the friend who had failed him: 'By the way, my dear X, can you tell me the value of thirty pieces of silver at the exchange to-day?'

BUT Briand had not only wit; he had a sense of humor also, and this gift was richly shared by Stresemann. It did much to smooth over the difficulties of our first meetings at Locarno, and helped to turn many a dangerous corner in later discussions at Geneva. Both men could keep discussion on a quiet, conversational level, even when treating of the gravest subjects, and both could enjoy a joke at their own expense as richly as a joke at another's.

One day in the lobby of the Assembly at Geneva the press correspondents remarked the two men sitting apart engaged in a lively and apparently very merry conversation. 'What were you two conspirators plotting behind my back?' I later asked of Briand. It appeared that Stresemann had been anxious to explain the circumstances in which a high personage in Germany had made a rather provocative reference to war guilt and to invoke Briand's influence with the French press to prevent them making heavy weather about it. Briand was able to say that Monsieur Poincaré and himself had already taken steps to this end, and then continued, 'But why can't you let the question alone? As to the wisdom of putting this clause into the Treaty, I have my own opinion; but I can't alter it now. Why can't you leave it to the judgment of history?'

'But what,' asked Stresemann, 'will history say?'

'Ah,' replied Briand, 'I am no prophet, and will not anticipate her judgment. But there are three things that I think she will not say—she will not say that this time France was the aggressor; she will not say that

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Belgium invaded Germany; and she will not say, like Bethmann-Hollweg, that a treaty is only a scrap of paper.' (This story has recently been printed in an incomplete form without the last phrase. I insert it here because it is certain that it was precisely that phrase to which Briand attached the greatest weight, as being most pertinent to our post-war problems.) When people ask me what is meant by 'the atmosphere of Geneva,' I tell this story. It is no small thing that it should be possible for the representatives of France and Germany to be able to treat so grave an issue with so light a touch.

I cannot think of Briand without my mind's reverting to Locarno. That was the culminating point of his career, and no lesser men than he and Stresemann could have made it a success. In the closing scene of the conference Stresemann appealed to us all, but most of all to France, that this should be not the end but the beginning of a chapter in our relations and that we should draw from it the consequences, political and economic, which it logically implied. None who heard them will ever forget the noble words of Briand's reply or the deep feeling with which he pledged himself henceforth to work unremittingly for peace. As I listened I felt my love for France justified, for in Briand's words I heard the voice of all that is noblest and most generous in the soul of the French nation. Is it permitted to me to add a note more personal to myself? As he left the room Briand found my wife waiting for me, and, taking her two hands in his, he said again and again with deep and visible emotion, 'Ah, Madame, without your husband I should never have attempted it.' I ask no other epitaph. Is it strange that I loved him?

OTHER memories crowd upon me—the first meeting of the German and French statesmen in the Conference Room, the long and weighty discussions carried on chiefly between Stresemann and Briand, but often aided by the fluent French and softer speech of Luther; the more private conversations in my room, and, above all, the trip on the lake in the *Orange Blossom* to celebrate my wife's birthday to which Briand invited us, and on which we found the solution of one of the gravest difficulties confronting us.

In starting, we had evaded the vigilance of the press, but when we finally returned to Locarno after nightfall the whole one hundred and fifty correspondents present there were massed upon the quay. 'What have you to tell us, Monsieur le Président?' they asked eagerly. But we had agreed that we should say nothing until we had reported to our colleagues and secured their consent. Briand was equal to the occasion. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'we have been studying ichthyology. In the shallows near the shore we found some little fish that we identified without difficulty. Further out we came upon bigger ones; they gave us more trouble, but we managed presently to classify them also. Then in the middle of the lake were one or two really big fish. Ah! they offered a more difficult problem;

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we have not yet quite solved it. But we are on the way to putting them also in their proper place.' And with a smiling 'Good evening, gentlemen,' he hurried off to the shelter of his hotel.

I remember an occasion when he was hurriedly recalled from Geneva by a cabinet crisis in Paris. He returned after seventy-two hours, having formed his ninth government. 'Yes, my ninth,' he told us, 'and it's always the same thing. So many portfolios to this section, and so many to those others, but always I reserve one portfolio to my own absolute discretion. That portfolio I allot to time. He is my most useful colleague.' Patience was one of his great instruments. If his hopes were disappointed, then 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.'

He had a deep sympathy with the countryman and with the sailors and fishermen of his native Brittany. He loved the sea and the countryside —above all, the sea, and the sea most of all when the waves ran high. 'My bark,' he once wrote to me after a stormy debate in the Chamber, 'has not, I admit, been sailing on calm seas. It was pretty well tossed about by the waves, and certain rocky points on the surface were affording me matter for serious uneasiness. . . . The deck is not yet too steady under my feet. Happily, I do not suffer from seasickness. . . .'

Such was the man as I knew him—simple in his tastes, warm in his friendships, a charming companion in a leisure hour, a colleague of splendid loyalty in times of difficulty. He loved France passionately, yet was ever in his own phrase 'a good European'; he served the cause of peace with all his might, and in some measure it claimed him for its victim. It is but a few weeks ago that I sent him the cartoon with which *Punch* saluted him on his retirement. I cannot do better than close this article with his reply (the original is, of course, in French):—

COCHEREL, FRANCE
February 6, 1932

DEAR FRIEND,—

I have been greatly touched by your thought. You know what value I attach to our friendship.

I shall keep this drawing from *Punch*, which goes straight to my heart. There is, in truth, in the art of the English humorists a feeling of delicacy and exquisite international courtesy of which '*le vieux Punch*' may be proud of maintaining, in our time, the tradition.

In the attitude in which I am represented in the drawing one sees clearly that the English artist has felt how heavily a simple dove bearing an olive branch can weigh upon a man's wrist. You know something of this matter, dear friend, you to whom this bird is not less familiar. Believe me, the dove of Locarno will always symbolize for me across all the difficulties of the present hour the truth of a political thought to which you are as faithful as I am.

I send you my best wishes for you and yours, and beg you to transmit to Lady Chamberlain my very respectful homage.

I remain always very affectionately yours,

ARISTIDE BRIAND

He could well be content to leave his cause to the judgment of history.

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T. S. Eliot Goes Home

By One of His Readers

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Liberal Daily

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of Mr. T. S. Eliot's appointment to the Professorship of Poetry at Harvard has provoked little comment. Perhaps it lacked the necessary element of surprise; perhaps interest in Mr. Eliot has declined; or it may be (and this seems more likely) that the world of letters is still inclined to cautious reticence in the face of a writer who has been at once its mentor and its *enfant terrible*.

Two decades have passed since he left the university to which he now returns in academic state. During that period he has Europeanized and Anglicized himself as only Americans can. But, as very few Americans before him, he has given as well as taken in the process. Of the 'school' of Eliot there is little to be said. His overt imitators have been chiefly undergraduate versifiers whose merits, if they have any, are potential. Their number and their youth are significant only because they show one aspect of his power. His tone and rhythm are infectious, and belong to the age.

More interesting, however, is his part in liberating poetry from the fast-hardening conventions of romanticism. This does not mean that he is in revolt against tradition. It means, rather, that he has a keener feeling for the past and feels more of it than most of his contemporaries. It is precisely because he sees European culture as a whole, of which the art of to-day must be aware and in which it must incorporate itself, that he refuses to submit to the exclusive dominance of the immediately preceding generations.

In the essay on 'Tradition and Individual Talent' in *The Sacred Wood* he defines this position:—

> [Tradition] cannot be inherited and if you want it you must obtain it by great labor. It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer, and within it the whole of the literature of his own country, has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order.

Armed with immense and catholic erudition, he set out to apply this theory in his own poems. The result is a synthesis of allusion, quotation, and original composition which makes heroic demands on the reader. In sixty lines of *The Waste Land* we find ourselves referred to *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Tempest*, the *Götterdämmerung*, Froude's *Elizabeth*, the *Purgatorio*, and St. Augustine's *Confessions*. It is impossible to make a proper approach to the poem without a textual knowledge of the *Purgatorio* and a study of a book on the Grail legend which would not ordinarily be read by anyone but a specialist.

It is not to be supposed that any great proportion of Mr. Eliot's readers

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is equipped to work this complicated apparatus of allusion. Indeed, it might fairly be asked how, in an age not remarkable for learning, any influence could be claimed for a poet so portentously learned? The answer lies partly in the fact that among his derivative themes there is one—that of the English Renaissance—to which the present generation is fully prepared to respond. Mr. Eliot does not merely echo Marlowe and Webster and Donne, he tries to relive their artistic experience. He uses their idiom and verbal technique as part of his own medium, rather as Coleridge 'worked' phrases of Milton in 'Kubla Khan.' To ears weary with rhythms that are nineteenth-century verse imperfectly remembered, this style of writing is to the utmost degree refreshing. Its effect has been to purge the air of Tennysonian echoes, and fill it with the resurrected voice of Donne.

THIS modification of the attitude of poetry toward the past has been accompanied by a change in its treatment of the present. And here again Mr. Eliot's is a vital influence. In the English poetry of the period immediately preceding the War there is a note of strain, due to a certain maladjustment between the diction of verse and the diction of life. In the work of such a poet as Mr. Masefield the striving for the vitality of colloquial speech is evident. But Mr. Masefield does not quite attain his object, because he has his eye not on the typical speech of urban twentieth-century England but on a racy nautical jargon as far removed from everyday reality as the song of the Sirens.

Mr. Eliot, on the other hand, faces the problem squarely. He finds himself in a world that is essentially urban, mechanized, industrial; a world of motor-cars and gutters, coffee cups and toothbrushes. He sees through it and beyond it, but he writes 'with his own generation in his bones.' Into his vocabulary, so largely archaic and derivative, he therefore introduces current words and phrases that no one has ever thought of putting into poetry before. The City theme in *The Waste Land* is pure 'reporting.' The public-house conversation at the end of Part Two might be the transcript of a verbatim shorthand note. With perfect aplomb he recounts that—

> Under the brown fog of a winter noon
> Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant,
> Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants
> C.i.f. London: documents at sight,
> Asked me in demotic French
> To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel,
> Followed by a week-end at the Metropole.

It is impossible to estimate the value of such a passage when taken from its context, but it serves to show what Mr. Eliot has done to poetic diction. He has broken it up, thrown it into a state of flux. Where the previous poetry of the century avoids the 'unpoetic' word, or blurts it out with conscious audacity, he lets it fall naturally, almost conversationally. The

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effect is often shocking, but not objectionably so, and those whom it outrages would do well to remember how bitterly Coleridge was reproved for allowing the Ancient Mariner to refer openly to the 'buckets on the deck.' In fact, the parallel between the historical significance of *Lyrical Ballads* and Mr. Eliot's poetry might be further pursued. Each was produced when the conventions of a century of great literature lay heavy on English poetry; each sinned against convention by the use of actual speech; and each was damned by a large section of the critics.

A short analysis must necessarily leave important issues untouched. What of Mr. Eliot's obscurity, his deliberate avoidance of a connected argument, his fragmentary method? What of his more recent preoccupation with religion, his royalism, his Catholicism? These are large questions, and perhaps they will one day be answered *ex cathedra* from Harvard. Meanwhile, we can only congratulate a great university on having gathered to itself one of the most influential, if enigmatic, of its sons.

Ambassador Mellon

By Dr. Richard von Kühlmann

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THE automobile of Andrew Mellon, the American secretary of the Treasury, who has become an almost legendary figure in the United States, had called for me at my hotel and delivered me at an apartment house on one of Washington's wide, shady, drowsy streets. The building looked solid and respectable, but it gave no evidence of being the residence of one of the most powerful men in the United States, a financial magnate of this wealthy land. I stepped into an elevator and was soon seated opposite the elderly statesman in a drawing room of pleasing proportions. A slender man of barely average height with beautiful white hair and a somewhat bushy white moustache, he did not look like a typical American but, with his markedly aristocratic manner, seemed rather to resemble some Scottish duke of ancient family. His features are thoroughly intellectual and bear witness to a life of ceaseless toil which nevertheless has permitted him to separate himself from things and look back with detachment upon his mighty achievements.

Mellon is considered an exceptionally silent man. This silence and his tendency to keep in the background have made an almost mythical figure of him. But I had no cause to complain of his taciturnity. With complete candor and cosmopolitan affability the elderly statesman discussed the many questions that are weighing so heavily on the world to-day—political debts, business and bank credits, the frightful depression, its causes and probable duration, similar depressions in former years. The most important war of the happy nineteenth century was the American Civil War. Mellon, who is now seventy-seven, experienced, as a young

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man already active in business, the terrible economic depression caused by that great struggle, and he is one of the few men still active to-day whose personal experience extends back over such a long period.

My host must certainly have noticed how frequently during our serious talk my eyes wandered over the walls of his room, and since he knew that painting is a passion of mine he showed me his whole collection in the greatest detail. It seems to me that not even the most splendid private galleries, such as Widener's in Philadelphia, equal Mellon's collection in quality. It is really not a gallery at all but a private dwelling of medium size whose rooms are all filled with the most exquisite objects produced by European culture in its most flourishing periods. It is common knowledge that the most precious pictures that Russia has sold in its hunger for foreign currency have found a new home in Mellon's unpretentious dwelling in Washington.

A short while ago those who were puzzling over who would succeed General Dawes in the American Embassy at London were dumfounded at the news that President Hoover had chosen seventy-seven-year-old Andrew Mellon as ambassador at London, and that the latter had accepted the post. The political significance of this step can scarcely be overestimated. Taken all in all, Mellon is the most important and representative man in America to-day. Originally of Scottish descent and coming from a family of well-to-do industrialists, he achieved tremendous wealth and great power. He is the undisputed head of the world-wide Aluminum Company of America, and he occupies a commanding position in the petroleum industry. An enumeration of his interests in iron, coal, and other products would fill many pages.

When he was sixty-six years old, a time of life at which most men would have been looking forward to a comfortable old age, he assumed the difficult, responsible post of secretary of the American Treasury. He filled this post satisfactorily—a great achievement for a man with such extensive and varied private interests. When he was called to the most important diplomatic post that America has to offer, not a single voice was raised in protest.

MELLON is no novice at diplomacy. To mention only one instance, he was called upon last summer at Hoover's personal request to undertake the arduous and thankless task of handling the negotiations with France over the execution of the Hoover Moratorium. This same task led him to London, where he received a warm welcome and did not encounter any difficulties. Mellon has personally signed all the treaties on which the Allied war debts depend. He is qualified as is no other man to find new solutions for these complicated and difficult problems on the basis of present relationships. Yet to view his task from a purely economic angle would be greatly to underestimate its significance.

The Japanese initiative in the Far East has again upset the balance of

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world power. England has let its valuable alliance with Japan lapse in order to avoid any possibility of becoming embroiled in a conflict with America. For friendly relations and close ties with America are essential to England if she is to maintain her world position. America finds herself in a similar case. The decisive importance of the question of friendship with England is indicated most clearly by the fact that the President is sending his best man to the Embassy in London.

Many Americans have recently been rubbing their eyes in astonishment at seeing in black and white the figures recording the relative strength of the world's fleets as measured by the number of modern fighting ships. The roar of Japanese guns has awaked many people from a lingering slumber. Through her incomparably superior bases in the Pacific Ocean Japan has become equal to either England or America alone, but she would be absolutely helpless before the combined action of these two powers. Financial relationships must also be considered. War is a destructive force, and with a tottering currency and finances that need tender nursing Japan is in no position to defy the Anglo-Saxon world powers. And, if Asiatic problems are pressing, the situations arising in Europe are no less important. Here too a united Anglo-American front will unquestionably have to be faced.

It could have been no easy matter for Mellon to decide to withdraw from the fields of endeavor familiar to him and undertake new and difficult responsibilities in the diplomatic domain. His acceptance of the post is typical of that devotion to duty which has been one of the chief factors enabling him to attain the commanding position he occupies. We may well suppose that his beautiful and charming daughter, who is the wife of a Southern landowner, will often stand by her father's side in the course of his coming labors, as she did last summer during the negotiations at Paris and London. Thus Mellon's diplomatic mission will not lack that social brilliance to which English tradition still assigns so high a value.

Richard Strauss To-day

By Friedrich Deutsch

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

TWENTY years ago Richard Strauss was the undisputed leader of the modern musical world. Schönberg was still struggling to be taken seriously by the public, Debussy was scarcely played, Stravinski was unknown, Hindemith had not yet appeared, Pfitzner was standing aloof, and Reger had only a small circle about him. In 1911 the *Rosenkavalier* was performed for the first time, and after its success Strauss was no longer compelled to struggle for general recognition. Young people, especially, flocked about him—the revolutionist had conquered.

Nineteen-thirty-two presents a wholly different situation. Youth is no

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longer unanimous in its estimate of Strauss's artistic stature. Some young people worship him and are enchanted by his sovereign skill and intoxicated by the sound of his orchestra. But certain radical groups have turned away from Strauss and are attacking him on intellectual grounds that we shall not discuss here. Our present aim is simply to defend his music and to point out how much Strauss has created that is of lasting value and that is considered essential even by present-day youth.

His path of development, which has not yet come to an end, is easily traced. Strauss, who began writing operas as a pupil of Wagner's, achieved his own most personal style in *Salome*. This wonderful score, whose unexampled boldness and suggestive novelty must have had a powerful effect on the stagnant German opera of that day, gave pregnant expression to everything that is now specifically known as 'Straussian.' If any music drama after the turn of the century deserves the epithet of 'epoch-making,' it is *Salome*. This fact is gladly forgotten by those who profited by the blow that he struck in behalf of the new music and who are now attacking him and accusing him of a reactionary attitude.

After *Elektra* Strauss partially abandoned the revolutionary manner that people had come to expect of him and in each of his new works he surprised the musical world by the extraordinary versatility with which he handled the problems of the opera. In each of his operas, from the *Rosenkavalier* on, the classical ideal became more and more pronounced. It is well known that analogies may be drawn between Mozart's style and that of *Ariadne* and *Ägyptische Helena*, and that the *Frau ohne Schatten* resembles Weber in manner. Thus Strauss, once a great revolutionist, became a classicist at the height of his career. The circle of his development completed itself when the various themes of his creative work became harmoniously arranged in classic unity, in Apollonic rest, as it were.

In this respect Strauss's development differs essentially from that of other musical pioneers, such as Gluck and Wagner, who in their later works systematically recast the material they had used in their youth. Beethoven, for instance, in his old age released the Vienna school's wealth of musical forms from tradition and by developing them in an unprecedented way created something wholly new. Indeed, through contrapuntal and tonal innovations he achieved quite revolutionary results. Not so with Strauss. That Strauss, after his earlier excursions into new musical territory, should have returned to the old major-minor system must not be regarded principally as a descent to a more limited and old-fashioned method. To-day we stand on the outskirts of that system. The nineteenth century stood wholly under its influence, and there were still countless tasks to perform within the sphere of tonality. Thus Beethoven, quite apart from his special historical position, had a very different field of labor before him from Strauss and his contemporaries, some of whom, such as Schönberg and his group, have proceeded in a radical manner and definitely abandoned the tonal system in their creative work.

Strauss, too, might have done this. His talent, which expresses itself in

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every form and in every way, had already in *Salome* arrived at the threshold of atonality. One need only remember what an abundance of strange harmonies, what free cadences, what an expansion of the voice texture were employed in the Orestes scene of *Elektra*, for instance. There are passages that even to-day are unsurpassed in conception. Already as a young composer Strauss knew the secrets of modern musical language; suspended tonality was not unknown to him; and he caused astonishment with dissonant chords which at the time of their appearance represented the very height of daring. But he was only playing with the dangers of tonality, and he let them pass by unconcerned. He ruled like a *grand seigneur*, sure of the effects he produced. Strauss never made an experiment of whose outcome he was uncertain.

By nature he is a great composer whose vehicle is diatonic, well-built melody combined with a scheme of cadencing that despite imaginative and piquant modulations is essentially simple. And the fact that his talent is grounded on primary melodies is certainly one of the fundamental reasons why the Strauss of to-day shows so little of that joy in experiment that he displayed as a youth, why his creative work has come to follow classical models more and more closely.

The originality of his ideas was never so far removed from the general musical trends of the day that he had to face the absolute opposition that certain radical composers are now encountering. If his artistic innovations were a hard nut for an earlier generation to crack, on the other hand, all his works have contained elements that appeal to every music lover, because Strauss's music, like Verdi's, has a quality of appealing simplicity that makes it seem to glide over the problems involved.

THIS is what distinguishes Strauss from Schönberg, his exact opposite. Of all living artists, Strauss is the great favorite, the representative master of German music, while Schönberg, the solitary inaugurator of the new tone system, must wait for a later generation to assign him his true place in history. Twenty years ago Strauss stood at the crossroads, but the luxuriant development of modern music has brought about a break in his style. The meaning of this break can be partially expressed by saying that what seems like the new way to others is to Strauss a blind alley. To-day we stand at a point where the division of the various techniques of composition into tonal and atonal is of increasing importance. Two different creative forms are living side by side as independent organisms, as two musical cultures. For the musicians who follow Schönberg, Strauss's work is naturally meaningless. And this also holds true of another young group that wants to set out on a totally new path and is therefore dead set against everything traditional. But what is the case of those who long for a renaissance of the old tonal music and for whom Strauss's handling of material might therefore be a treasure-house of invaluable recipes? They are opposed to Strauss's musical ideals, but they cannot replace them with

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anything of equal value. There are not many who can rely solely on their own strength like Hindemith.

Although much may be learned from Strauss, he never really founded a school, and this is probably because the slightest attempt to copy his methods seems like a mechanical imitation, a photograph. His personal style is so marked, and so well known to the general public, that the most disguised approach to it is easily discovered and branded as a 'Straussian phrase.' For Strauss is the only serious modern composer who has won the heart of the average man who listens to music. There are virtually no limits to his fame. He is played in cafés, and before the advent of the sound film his themes were misused as accompaniments to moving pictures. Everyone knows the theme of the *Rosenkavalier;* it is whistled on the streets like the Siegfried *motif*. Strauss, the creator and for a long time the ruler of the modern repertoire, has given the German public its daily musical bread. In so doing he has fulfilled his mission of providing the music market with important living productions. As an operatic composer he has established the position of the German opera—and how could this have been done without him? As a symphonic composer he has brought concert programmes up to date and, along with Mahler, has created a new type of orchestra from the traditional concert band. For Strauss scores are practice pieces for all kinds of performers—the clarinet player learns as much playing his part as the soprano does singing hers.

To-day Strauss occupies a clearly defined position as the guardian of tonal music. He stands independent of the changes of the hour, unyielding before the deviations caused by time. The destiny of Western music is involved in the question whether the tonal forces will prove strong enough to withstand the assault of atonal elements as a principle of construction. The predominant position of German music has often rested on the diametric opposition between the conservative and revolutionary attitudes of its great composers—Bach as opposed to Händel, Brahms as opposed to Wagner. In this play of opposites Strauss's dogma of tonality forms a point of rest.

No matter what stand one takes as to tonality, music continues along its way. The final decision as to whether Strauss is right in insisting on tonality rests with posterity. Perhaps in another twenty years we shall be able to see more clearly. But this much can be said to-day: those hostile critics who condemn Strauss's music on historical grounds, because of the nature of its material, are wholly unfair and devoid of any real basis for their beliefs.

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A provincial French essayist with an impressive intellectual following analyzes some modern problems in a spirit wholly at variance with the official political attitude of his country.

Essays *in* Miniature

By 'ALAIN'

Translated from *Libres Propos*
Nîmes Literary Monthly

I

IF WAR is the one real thing in life, if we must expect it and prepare for it, then it is only during a war that human beings reveal themselves as they ought to be. If the true human virtues appear then and if it is a good thing to live during terrible times, as I have heard one enthusiast assert, then I conclude that our ordinary way of thinking and living is quite ridiculous. For why speak of free opinion when it is understood that the moment war is declared all opinions are ordered and imposed? Why not reduce the whole press to the level of an army bulletin? Why give people these meagre peace-time vacations?

To make peace and war, to build up armaments, to look for allies, to train soldiers are things that depend on the leader, not on the men, and no one has ever been so extravagant as to suggest that the people should vote on war offensives, tactics, and matters of that kind. It is understood, repeated, and proclaimed everywhere that the life of the citizen counts for nothing compared with the national interest. Nationalists say this, radicals say this, and I am not sure but that socialists would say this if you pushed them a little. For this is the way they argue: 'We reject the nation and we reject national defense because the supposed nation is only a coalition of interests. But when the nation is just and harmonious, then you will see whether we are able to die for it.' This promises us an armed camp, better organized than we have ever seen, and a permanent army made up of the whole nation, the foremen being sergeants and the engineers colonels, which amounts to saying that the reign of liberty and justice will always mean inescapable slavery for those who do not get the best marks in mathematics, physics, and chemistry. The new army will simply be the old army all over again and we shall need only a quarrel between two socialist systems for both of them to fly to arms and for the general staffs to start moving men

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around like pawns on a chessboard.

If human affairs are really like this then Mussolini is right. Every leader is a general, and it is absurd to wait until war is declared for him to exercise his essential powers; in fact it is just as absurd as if we did not make any cannon until war broke out. Every institution is warlike, every organization, every enthusiasm. Let us admit it—if a vote of confidence represents the martial spirit, then an adverse vote that upsets something, that revokes something, is nonsense and the military order always has crushed it and always will. It is pure mutiny, and the beginnings of mutiny can never be punished too soon. Private life and secret thought are regarded by the vigilant eye as sins. Anyone who is not a booster is supposed to be a knocker, and rightly so. In a state of solitude and separation man ceases to be man. He must be put in squads and trained, snatched out of himself, ordered about from his earliest years, made to carry out some end higher than himself, subjected to discipline, speeches, songs, and spectacles that all lead to one conclusion. Exile or prison awaits those who are slack in placing their science, eloquence, culture, and philosophy at the service of this great idea.

Such an ideal is now being partially realized. It arouses attention, it gives a terrible meaning to speeches that we are accepting much too easily. Sometimes we find it a little hard to refuse to bestow our confidence and friendship on a brave man who finds his inspiration in antique metaphors. Nevertheless, we must see where his thought is leading, if he has any thought, and, if he has no thought, so much the worse, for then he is conspiring with the very thing that he pretends to be repressing. Hence the man who wants peace above all things must understand that he is wanting something new and unheard of, something that is not included among the political platforms from which ambitious men permit us to choose, and that peace will be achieved not by plans but by a firm desire in everybody.

II

CAPITALISM has three ages and the third one has arrived. It is treading on our toes yet we do not see it. We think in terms of the second age, and some of us still think in terms of the first. Our ideas are at least fifty years behind the times. Thus we understand nothing of what is happening to us.

First, there was the age of the big employer. He was the old-fashioned scavenger, badly educated and necessarily avaricious. He lived like a pauper, ruled despotically, and paid low wages. His office was always dark, dirty, and private. His door squeaked and did not close tight, and he never had it fixed for the sovereign reason that he did n't want to spend money. When this man tore down a wall it was so that he could enlarge his workshops or sales rooms. The work was paid for immediately in cash, after reductions that made the architect ill. He paid his workers in accordance with the same principle, proving to them that they could always save a few pennies at the end of each week. This was the way he governed two hundred households. His wife, rich as she was, said she had never paid more than a penny for an egg, even when somebody was sick. All the business in the neighborhood was subject to this iron law, and you can imagine what the bankers and engineers were like in a community with ten employers of this sort. We inherit from this period some traditions that are still honored.

The second age of capitalism was that of stockholders and corporations. The stockholder is more greedy than miserly. He does not know the businesses in which he invests, nor does he

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care to. Gloves, umbrellas, carriages, rails—make whatever you like and sell whatever you can. I am interested only in profit and I shall shift my investments from one business to another with a view to profit. Being prudent, I invest in several businesses. I don't need to know anything about factories, machines, workers, wages, strikes. I made socks for a long time and knew nothing whatever about them. The coupon is a uniform product of all industry. Everybody is a banker. It is the banker's age. The head of the enterprise is wedged in tight between creditors and debtors, all making demands. But the quiet claim of the lender is the most powerful, because by a simple shift of his capital he crushes an industry and starves out a whole district. But he knows nothing about this. It is merely a question of investment and reinvestment.

This state of affairs has brought about an amazing transformation, not all of whose details can be clearly seen. The head of a prosperous enterprise and his underlings are not content to let the profits of the business slip between their fingers indefinitely. You must admit that it is ridiculous to double the capital wealth of an investor whom you do not know. Hence strange precautions are taken to increase overhead expenses little by little. Well-paid jobs are invented, equipment is renewed, advertising is increased, and on all these additional expenditures the heads of the business get a rake-off.

Thus a new kind of competition comes into existence, and men who do not know how to spend are defeated and despised. A school of great administrators that really has no existence begins functioning, and everyone has a high opinion of great administrators. 'Is n't it strange that horse-drawn wagons are still used now that automobile trucks can be purchased?' say the truck sellers. Subsidies, special export rights, and state orders become more prevalent, and commissions, high living, and agreements among competitors increase and multiply. It is therefore just that the rewards of administration should go to the administrators. High-salaried men have gradually taken over all the commanding positions and have made prodigality fashionable in order that they might enrich themselves by it. Why not have still another elevator if it is convenient and if I am making my twenty per cent?

III

A FIERY nationalist rushed up to me from a distance the moment he saw me. 'Always this policy of negation and rebellion,' he exclaimed. 'You keep it up even in times like these when we must decide about China, Japan, America, and Russia, to say nothing of our disturbing neighbors, Germany, Italy, and England. And we must make up our minds at once and come to a decision that will determine the future of our children. We must be constructive. Can you tell me what your plans are now?'

At last I had found some one to talk to and my words were not slow in coming. 'You want to know what my plans are? Very simple. I don't want to listen to you and people like you any more. Not that I hope you are clapped into jail. That is n't my way of doing things. But I want a good mass movement, entirely peaceful, that will discourage you from writing and talking. We are not so far off from such a movement. That I believe. But in any case I know very well what I want. You were born to command, to advise, to warn, to alarm. I don't know where you received this mission from. Perhaps from the sky. You are a prophet. You come back from Germany, where you have spent a week. You know Germany's plans. You have discovered secret armaments. Then you meet a

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journalist who has just come back from China by airplane. That enables you to solve the Far Eastern problem and you announce what the future of aviation will be. You have dinner with a banker who has just been ruined and you know the secret of the pound, the dollar, and the florin. You have learned the game of international finance.

'In my opinion, these big business men never know where they are going, as is all too evident to-day. But you smell all kinds of coalitions and plots. What I want is to have people laugh at you and your speeches, articles, and posters. What I want is to have people look upon you and your kind as colonels without regiments, as men who naïvely believe that if they were in command and if the dust of humankind obeyed them without laughing everything would go splendidly.

'For centuries, my dear tyrant, men have let themselves be governed by those who pretend to understand, but who in reality simply love power and have set themselves up as spiritual and temporal leaders. The results have been, and always will be, death and destruction everywhere. You want to teach me the secret of Japan and China, the secret of England and America, the German secret, and the Italian secret. I have only to look about me and I see the same thing in every land. I recognize the tyrant by the sound of his voice. I try to prevail against him, or, if you prefer, we try, we who are weary of slavery, we who, through mass resistance, can paralyze the most terrific agitations of a small group. The really hard thing is to avoid replacing one tyrant by another and to administrate from day to day and at close range according to the dictates of good sense, equality, and humanity.

'We shall never establish such perfect control and coöperation in the name of equality. We shall never do so because tyrants are tireless and insatiable. But we approach this goal by obstinately refusing to submit to any tyranny. Thereupon, knowing that you are beaten from the start, you will point at our formidable neighbors, but they, too, have tyrants who are trying to make their subjects fear us. For as long as tyrants succeed in making countries believe in them there will continue to be danger of war, conquest, revenge, massacre, and ruin. But as soon as the ruse of the tyrant is discovered there will be peace and alliance between nations. And, since we see that the example of one's neighbor counts for almost everything in this struggle, let each individual act on those immediately about him against credulity, against every kind of abuse of power. Thus he will change his own country a little and, gradually, the whole world. Such is my foreign policy.' But I was talking to myself, not to him, for he is a man who never listens.

IV

I TRIED not to look at those horrible displays of colored Christmas lights and I asked my friend Castor, 'Who likes those things? Do such crazy expenditures of money sell one more doll?'

'How can we tell?' Castor replied. 'The big accounts and balance sheets are about as easy to understand as our national budget. But don't worry; no one is interested in those balance sheets. No one calculates the final profit. Everything takes place between a salesman who wants to get a big order and an executive who will give the job to the highest bidder, that is, to the one who offers him the highest commission. Both make money by spending a lot. The electrician, the man who sells lamps, and the man who makes them are all delighted. Of course the old-fashioned employer would clip the wings of such lovely projects, reduce

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expenses, and lower prices, since he believed that cheap prices are the best advertising in the world. But there are not any old-fashioned employers left. The modern employer is an exalted kind of employee himself, with his own salary and commissions. The stockholders, who are incompetent employers, are the last to be paid. The railroads are not the only industries working at a loss. The rayon executive who buys a million francs' worth of merchandise does not know just how he will sell it but he knows very well that he will get a rake-off on it.'

'In that case,' I replied, 'every business would fail so that the men who run it might make profits. But things are not really so simple.'

'No,' said Castor. 'But complications and a vast tangle of backward regulations keep business going and keep stomachs filled. People must be forced to believe, and they are nothing loath. Moreover, advertising itself is an element in fostering belief.'

'And,' I added, 'we all know that the buyer, who is himself intoxicated by his salary, commissions, or wages, does not draw back in the face of high prices but puts up the money. One commission pays for another. Borrowing does the rest, and is n't borrowing itself an affair of advertising and commissions?'

'It is a very old dodge,' said Castor, 'to borrow on capital in order to pay interest. This is done quite nakedly, without false show or false light, without any appearance of industry or business, and it is a contemptible kind of cheating. But if the show-windows glitter, if customers push through the doors, if the business expands and merges with other businesses, and finally if the banker, who is in his element, keeps finding a new loan to cover the last one, we search in vain for discontent.'

'Up to the time,' I said, 'when the whole world is disgusted. Business men now ask why we are disgusted. They say that if people would again look for profits and start buying instead of stupidly hoarding money the great machine would function as well as it ever did. But who can explain this fear?'

Castor reflected. His face was suddenly rid of that mask of business worries that had been impressed on it by exterior thoughts. 'I don't know,' he said, 'that it is only fear. I also see indifference and disgust. Man thinks. Man judges. Naturally, in selling him an automobile you force him to move about; you remove the pinnacle of his thought. But he is not content. He feels that he is the accomplice of a band of robbers. He sees the unjust man flourishing and he says to himself that this is not right. Religion is a strange thing.'

I interrupted. 'Profoundly human. I don't worry about the mythological part, which is so improbable that it is a waste of time examining it. But religion embraces a very human judgment. Contempt for wealth is different from a divine command.'

'It is different, yes,' said Castor. 'I believe it is a judgment on work and profit. It is based on the fundamental idea that work is good and healthy and that profit may be neither good nor healthy. The modern system runs on the principle that all men primarily love money. Just notice one thing: all these brilliant window displays and billboards are a kind of injury to the nobler side of man. Nobody refuses wealth, but everyone is disgusted with himself for playing this imbecile game.'

'Christmas,' I said, 'is not a small thing. Christmas is not all electric lights and mechanical toys. There is the stable, the ox, the ass, and the man who was born and is reborn in this rustic setting. This immortal image signifies, among other things, that gold is not God.'

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Here are some of the most popular texts and fables that the Japanese people associate with the name and teaching of Buddha. They throw new light on a nation of doubtful popularity abroad.

Japanese BUDDHA

By GEORGES BONNEAU

Translated from the *Mercure de France*
Paris Literary Semimonthly

MAKE no mistake on the subject. I am less concerned here with Buddha than with Japan. Japanese sensibility, which is immediate, nervous, and Mediterranean in certain respects, had difficulty in adjusting itself to the abstract world of Indian metaphysics and has been ingenious in peopling that sphere with real characters. Japanese Buddhism has interwoven Chinese traditions and Indian doctrines. It has brought dead men back to a personal life and has subordinated salvation by works to salvation by perfect contrition. It has chosen the Paradise of the Pure Land of the West as its perfect sensuous background and has made Buddhism descend from the sky to the ground. In other words, science figures hardly at all in the current texts of Japanese Buddhism. The *Bukkyo Seiten*, as the holy books of Japanese Buddhism are called, is a gospel for the humble and the mighty alike without distinction as to sect. The material that follows is simply a group of fragments from these books selected from a double translation. It is with precisely such texts that Buddhism nourishes fifty million souls every day.

'Although the three regions belong to me, men are my true children,' the Master said. The extracts that follow reflect how jealously the Japanese heart has isolated this humanity in Buddhism.

SPEAKING of faith, Buddha has said, 'Faith is the root of all good. Faith is a fertile field, for it nourishes the accomplishment of the law in all creatures. Faith is a limpid water, for it washes away the impurities of illusion. Faith is a sure eye, for it discerns the good way from the bad. Faith is the Great Pathway, for it leads to wisdom. Faith is the clearness of the moon, for it fulfills the Law perfectly. Just as a man with no hands would vainly penetrate mountains full of treasure, so he without faith would approach the Three Treasures in vain. But the virtuous man and the virtuous woman who apply all

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the forces of their heart to the meditation of Buddha, whether on the mountain side, in the forests, or in the town, whether by day or by night, whether seated or lying down—I shall never cease to perceive them as if they were before my eyes. And I should refuse the name of Buddha if there existed in the Ten Directions one single man who, desiring to be born into my kingdom, could not gain his end by raising his thought up toward me, intensified ten times over.'

Somebody said, 'A man who had done evil for a hundred years in this world ascended to heaven simply because he meditated on Buddha the moment he died. I do not believe such teaching.' When Buddha was questioned on the subject he said, 'If you place a little pebble on the surface of the water does it float or sink?'

'It sinks.'

'If you put a hundred huge rocks in a boat, will they float or sink?'

'They will not sink.'

And Buddha said, 'The hundred stones in the boat do not go to the bottom because they are held up by the boat. In like manner, whatever a man's sins are, if he once meditates on Buddha he does not enter hell but is reborn in heaven.'

SPEAKING of duties toward one's self, Buddha has said, 'Above all things know how to command your heart. Man is deceived by his eyes, his ears, his nose, his mouth, his body, his mind, and these Six Roots have the heart as master. Fear the movements of your heart more than venomous serpents, more than a fierce beast, more than robbers, more than fire.

'There was once an ascetic who retired under a tree by the banks of a stream to meditate on the Path. At the end of twelve years he had not yet succeeded in quelling the Six Desires. Letting his heart ramble and dispersing his spirit, he sought form for his eyes, sound for his ears, perfume for his nose, taste for his mouth, sensation for his body, reasoning for his mind. Neither his agitated body nor his distracted mind knew repose. Nevertheless, since this ascetic was to be saved, a turtle appeared on the scene, leaving the river and walking over toward the tree. A hungry bird of prey saw the turtle and wanted to devour it, but the turtle pulled in its six extremities and the bird of prey could do nothing. When the bird had gone away the turtle stuck out its head, tail, and four feet, and continued walking as it had before. Seeing this, the ascetic said, "I am not so clever as this turtle. Forgetting the law of universal instability, I abandon myself to the Six Passions. That is why the demon triumphs over me. The thing for me to do is to conceal my six extremities and to defend my heart as if it were a strong castle."'

SPEAKING of duties toward others, Buddha has said, 'In your relations with other people here is the first great rule that must be observed: do not do unto others what you do not desire for yourself.

'Here is the second great rule to observe: be grateful. Gratitude is the beginning of compassion. He who is grateful is loved by men and will be reborn in heaven. But there are three kinds of men from whom I always recoil: those who have the spirit of revolt and try to make kings perish; those who, forgetting what their parents have done for them, ignore filial piety; and those who attack the priests and nuns of the Law.

'And here is the third great rule that must be observed: do good, not out of mere gratitude, nor out of desire to gain an advantage, nor in order to be born among the gods and to enjoy

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happiness, nor in order to gain the reputation of a good man, nor out of fear of suffering from the Four Unhappy Paths, nor in order to receive anything, nor in order to raise yourself above anybody, nor in the interests of your house, nor in the interests of your parents. But do good out of mercy, out of the desire to make others happy and to awaken in them the wish to do good, out of the desire to practise the same doctrines as the Holy Ones, to destroy illusion, and to deliver yourself from error and arrive at illumination.

'Do no evil. Be grateful. Do good. These are the three gateways leading to all good actions.

'Who is the richest and who is the poorest person in all the world? I call the person with a loving mother rich, and the person without a loving mother I call poor. The period when one has a loving mother I call day; the period when one has not a loving mother I call the disappearance of the sun. The period when one has a loving mother I call the clearness of the moon, the period when one has not a loving mother I call dark night. Therefore, apply yourself to caring for your father and mother. In return you will receive happiness equal to the happiness of those who practise piety toward Buddha, for piety toward one's parents and piety toward Buddha are one and the same thing.

'There are five rules that the husband should observe in the way he treats his wife. He must respect her with an upright heart. He must not become irritated at her personal sentiments. He must not have affection for other women. He must provide her with food and clothing. He must give her jewels at the suitable time.

'There are five rules that the wife should observe. First, when her husband enters she should rise and greet him. Secondly, when her husband is out she should occupy herself with cooking and washing as she waits for him. Thirdly, she must not attach her heart impurely to another man, and if her husband talks to her harshly she must not reply in like words or show anger. Fourthly, she must obey the orders of her husband and not conceal household objects. Fifthly, when her husband is resting she should not go to bed herself until she has closed the doors.

'There are four kinds of friends: those who resemble flower pickers; those who resemble sets of scales; those who resemble mountains; and those who resemble the earth.

'What kind of friend resembles a flower picker? When the flower is beautiful one crowns one's self with it; when it withers one throws it away. He who flatters the rich man and leaves him when he becomes poor is like a flower picker.

'What kind of friend is like a set of scales? The one who inclines to a heavy weight and rises disdainfully if things weigh little. That is the balance type of friend.

'What kind of friend is to be compared to a mountain? If animals and birds assemble on a mountain of gold their skin or plumage reflects its color. In like manner, a rich man who lends his own radiance to his neighbor and who rejoices in sharing his good fortune is a mountain friend.

'What kind of friend is to be compared to the earth? He who shares with another his harvests and his goods, who gives aid generously and takes care of others. He is an earth friend.'

SPEAKING of social duty, Buddha has said, 'The king is like the father and mother: his affection should not be partial. The people are like children, and should practise filial piety. But the king must care for his people as the mother cares for her child. She knows

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when it is sick and does not wait until it cries to protect it from the rain. This is proximity of heart. I want the king to give what he ought to give at the right time and I want him to ponder as to what he ought to levy. This is protection. I want the king to be modest concerning his own qualities, to assemble wise men and listen to their criticism and counsel. Without the advice of wise men the heart of the king falls asleep. This is prudence. Proximity of heart, protection, prudence—these are what go to make up what I call a king.

'Finally, thanks to the beneficent power of the king, all the greatest terrors in the world are eliminated, all the most beautiful flowers in the world blossom, all the loveliest groves in the world burst into leaf, all the best herbs in the world cure every illness, and all the people in the world taste abundance and happiness.'

SPEAKING of the duties toward the Three Treasures, Buddha has said, 'The Three Treasures are Buddha, the Law, and the Community.

'Man, if with a firm spirit and a sincere heart thou hast recourse to Buddha, thou wilt enjoy great felicity, for day and night Buddha never ceases loving all creatures.

'Man, if with a firm spirit and a sincere heart thou hast recourse to the Law, thou wilt enjoy all felicity, for day and night the Law never ceases to protect all creatures.

'Man, if with a firm spirit and a sincere heart thou hast recourse to the Community, thou wilt enjoy great felicity, for day and night the Community does not cease to watch over all creatures.'

SPEAKING of deliverance, Buddha has said, 'There was once a Buddha named Sejizai-o. While he was preaching a king named Ryuchin-o renounced his throne to hear him and became a monk under the name of Hozo. Now Hozo desired to attain the state of Buddha, not for his own sake, but to save men from their misery. In response to his prayer his Master revealed to him twenty-one billion pure lands, and the means of arriving at them. And he chose the one that enjoyed the greatest happiness and was the easiest to enter.

'For five indefinite expanses of time Hozo practised meditation and pronounced forty-eight prayers for the salvation of all mankind. Then he received complete illumination and, under the name of Amida-Butsu, became king of the land that he had chosen. Then he threw open to all men this land, which is the Paradise of the Pure Land of the West.

'Since that time, whenever anyone pronounces the name of Amida-Butsu and raises up all his thought toward him he achieves the State without Return. Since that time, whenever any pupil raises all his thought, though it be but one silent prayer, to Amida-Butsu, he attains the State without Return.

'Hearken, if you wish to know what the Paradise of the Pure Land of the West really is. Westward from here, beyond the infinite lands of Buddha, is a land that is called Paradise. In this Land of Paradise there are seven precious lakes. The waters that fill them possess eight virtues. The sand at the bottom is of pure gold and roads of gold, silver, and pearl lead to these lakes, in which grow lotus flowers the size of chariot wheels of brilliant blue, brilliant yellow, brilliant red, and brilliant white. In this Land of Paradise a rain of mandara flowers falls six times a day. Six times a day the song of white cranes, peacocks, and parrots is heard, and when all the people who live in this land hear this song they raise their thoughts toward Buddha.'

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Here are two essays—or rather a story and an essay—in the best tradition of British humor. Mr. Morton describes a Near Eastern adventure; Mr. Gould admits he has no sales resistance.

Merriment *from* England

By Two British Humorists

I. 'Posta'

By J. B. Morton

From *The Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

A very old man sat at a bench in a small shop overlooking the Black Sea. Before him, upon a dusty table, were strewn the various parts of watches and clocks, and every now and then he screwed a glass into his left eye and peered at a spring or a wheel. The sun was high in the sky, and the Asiatic beggars in gaudy rags had crawled into the shade, and were half dozing against dirty walls by the time that fortune had led my steps along the dusty track into the smelling village. I walked wearily, and it was only when I saw that the village was of some size that I remembered the letter in my pocket, and reminded myself that it should have been posted many days ago.

It was obvious that there was no railway in the place, and I was wondering how I should ever get the letter on its way, when a notice caught my eye. The only word I recall is 'Posta,' but it was enough for me. I advanced and found myself outside the shop of the watchmaker. Looking through the window, I could see him at his bench. There was no sign of any of the activities commonly associated with a post office, but the notice was unmistakable. 'Posta' and the rest of it could mean only one thing. So I entered the shop and stood before the old man who sat on the bench. For a moment he took no notice, but when he looked up and saw me standing there he showed no surprise. He removed the glass from his eye and blinked at me, and it was only when I addressed him in French that I discovered (*a*) that he was deaf, and (*b*) that he did not understand a word of the language. Next I said 'Posta' in a very loud voice, and went through the motions of popping a letter into a box, having first produced the letter.

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At this he nodded violently, and his seamed face broke into a wide grin. He said some unintelligible words, nodded once more at the letter, and then prepared to go on with his work. He took no more notice of me as I stood there holding my letter until I once more cried 'Posta,' and brandished the thing before his face. Having nodded again, he held out his hand with a sudden violent lurch forward, and took the letter. He put it beside him upon the bench, and signified by a gesture that he regarded the interview as finished.

But it had occurred to me, the moment he put the letter down beside him, that it required a stamp. So I had to begin the signs all over again, and when he thought that I was asking for the letter back, his face said unmistakably that it was really time I made up my mind whether I wanted him to keep it, or whether I preferred to look after it myself. I tried to act the sticking on of stamps in dumb show, but that only made him stare at me with a kind of sullen patience, as though he were humoring an imbecile. And finally, shrugging his shoulders, he gave me back the letter, and bent once more to his task.

I was hungry and thirsty, but it was most important that this matter should be settled, so I shouted 'Posta' three times in an angry voice, and pointed once more to the letter. After a short hesitation he took it back from me, and appeared to be examining it intently. He held it upside down and then the right way up, lowered his eyes to within an inch of the address, turned it round, turned it over and looked at the back of the envelope, and then made a sweeping movement with his arm, signifying that the letter was flying like a bird over the sea. He also used a word which sounded to me like the Turkish for 'England,' and when I assented eagerly, he nodded his head from side to side, and counted imaginary money into his palm.

WE were getting on, I thought. I took some money from my pocket and showed him a coin. He looked at the money and then again at the letter, and stretched out his hand for a small scales that stood on the table. After he had weighed the letter four times, he handed it again to me, indicating with a kind of back-hand tennis stroke that I was to keep it. All I could do was to shout 'Posta' again, which only made him nod in agreement, and point to the place where the stamp should go. I, too, nodded. Whereupon this astounding old man raised his eyebrows questioningly, as though to say, 'Shall I put a stamp on the letter?' The question he was asking was so plain to me, and so exasperating, that I was tempted to tear the letter up and rush from the shop. But I conquered my impatience, and tried to make it clear that I did indeed want a stamp affixed to the letter. With a sigh of satisfaction he began to hunt for a stamp. He opened drawers, lifted papers, and explored odd corners of his room. After perhaps five minutes he took from a coat that hung on the wall a tattered brown wallet, opened it, and pulled out some stamps. These he exhibited to me, so that I might know it was no mere dream, and with a little chuckle of satisfaction tore one off, licked it, and stuck it on to the left-hand bottom corner of the envelope; from which it immediately slipped when he lifted the letter.

By now I was too exhausted with the heat and hunger and thirst to be keenly aware of what was going on. I leaned helplessly against the wall of the shop while the old man wrestled with the stamp that would not stick on. He hunted for paste, but could find none, and the expression on his face said pretty clearly that the easiest way out

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of the difficulty would be for me to write the letter all over again and put it in a fresh envelope, since stamps would evidently never stick to this one. At this stage of the business he began to talk rapidly in the Turkish language. His voice was petulant, and he repeatedly spread out his hands, as though he would defy anyone to say that he had not done his best. A slow fire of anger was burning inside me. I did not know how to tell him that I would gladly pay for another stamp in place of the one that would not stick to the envelope, and the perpetual dumb show was so wearying and so futile that I made no attempt to continue it. By this time he had smeared the letter all over with thumb marks, and a perfect fury of perseverance seemed to possess him, so that he would not abandon his attempt to affix the stamp. He was standing up, and thumping his fist down, and when I straightened myself, and took a pace forward, he held up one hand, as though imploring me to have patience. I took no notice, but stretched out my fingers, demanding the letter. When he realized that I was determined to take it out of his keeping, he again shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows, seeming to say, 'There is no accounting for the eccentricities of some people'; and as my hand closed over the letter he offered me the limp and mangled remains of the Turkish stamp. I refused it with more rage than dignity, and stalked out of the shop, leaving him standing in the doorway, holding my money in his hand, and gazing after me in amazement.

Once outside, I tore the confounded letter into a thousand fragments and went on my way.

II. Sales Resistance

By Gerald Gould

From the *Week-end Review*, London Independent Weekly of the Right

MEET me; I am the man who believes the advertisements. No art or skill in enticement is necessary to make me buy; just the plain, truthful statement that Nonesuch's are the best will fetch me every time. If I read anywhere that you can get a perfectly good Frostbite car, complete with gears and gadgets, and almost like new, for something between two and three thousand pounds, I simply stroll out and buy the thing without thinking. If I see that there is a first-class liner trip to Harmonium and Esophagus, with lectures by Dean Inge, for thirteen shillings and sevenpence—without lectures, seven hundred and fifty pounds—it is for me the work, or play, of a moment to decide on the more expensive alternative.

I have been known to purchase a magic belt, in the faith that it would crown my head with a luxurious crop of glossy, wavy hair of original auburn tint in seven days—and at the same time to invest in a reducing mixture, to correct the apparent enlargement of figure caused by wearing the magic belt. I calculate that I have spent one-eighth of my working moments since birth, and no less than one-fifth of the horse power with which Nature originally endowed me, in signing on the dotted line, enclosing no money, and increasing my income in my spare time without drugs, dieting, or harmful exercise. Expense is no object—I will fill up a check as readily as a form. I rejoice, indeed, in a whole drawerful of documents marked, alternately, 'n.d.' and 'm.d.' No disappointment daunts, no failure dims the flame.

And I should be still worse if I

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were a woman. The advertisement columns of illustrated magazines—especially of American illustrated magazines—seem to be drawn up entirely on the assumption that the female countenance does at least furnish you with a basis to work on, whereas, if you are a man, you may as well give it up and be good. Many sociologists attribute the superior virtue of the male to this fact alone.

Not that even women will always buy at sight, except for purposes of face-faking. It is for adamantine persons, recalcitrant, stony-hearted, that copy writers exist. There is in the human spirit (other than my own) an ugly and long-enduring vice called sales resistance. It is the business of the copy writer, armed only with a fountain pen, a two-color process, a vast sum of money, and a spot of inspiration, to kill that dragon where it hurts. Nay, the most brilliant of their kind can dispense alike with form and color; they do not need the great open spaces, where men are mutts and ads. are ads.; they can break down the sin of hoarding without hoardings. Give them but the least excuse to catch you—barely, perhaps, a few lines of ordinary type at the bottom of the page, something that you would never know to be an advt. if it did not end with the mystic symbol 'ADVT.'—and they will rax your heart from your breastbane like Thomas the Rhymer. They know what you want, or ought to want, or want to want. They find out your weakness, they double your strength. Under their mesmeric spell your hand moves towards your purse incontinently. Many lovely specimens of their art have been collected by Mr. Thomas Steel in *Prose of Persuasion*.

And what wit, what style, what charm has gone to the making of it! To choose among specimens so bright is odious; to advertise the advertisers is to gild refined gold—for none of the copy writers here coping goes for a moment off the standards of gold or refinement. But, if I may express a purely personal preference, it is for Mr. Marchant Smith 'when with W. S. Crawford, Ltd.' He has modeled his style on Mr. A. P. Herbert; and, if it were not blasphemy, I should say that he was almost as good as Mr. A. P. Herbert. Recommending Jaeger, his pen sends out showers of such gems as 'The trim festooning of the old carcass'—'*Too* appropriate and patworthy'—'*Covetable* little suits'—'Darling pull-overs—too slender-making!' Perhaps (the thought strikes me) Mr. Marchant Smith *is* Mr. A. P. Herbert; and, in the intervals of Helenizing and operetting, that universal wit-and-wisdom provider makes a shekel or two on the side. After all, even Mr. Herbert must do something with his time. More probably, Mr. Smith is Topsy-the-Next-Best-Thing. Anyhow, he has conquered Jaeger resistance, if any. Already I love him like a brother.

There are those, on the other hand, who would make Hobson's choice. I refer to the firm of C. W. Hobson, Ltd., whose advertisements by various hands (let me name, *honoris causa*, but not to belittle others, Mr. Hugh Haslam Mills) get right in among me and raise a riot. And so quick has clothing evidently become, that he who runs may Reed. Of the praise lavished on whiskey and tobacco, I say little or nothing. No blandishments would induce me to buy whiskey or tobacco; I buy them without.

From bars to cars is a natural transition. It is borne in upon me that I have done wrong to be satisfied with a single automobile. I want the lot. Each excels in appearance and performance, whereas, for comfort, you can't beat them all! Mr. Saxon Mills (Director of Copy, W. S. Crawford, Ltd.) understands as well as anybody that it is the first step that costs your client the

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money. His opening sentences have made me Chrysler-conscious. Only the trifling matter of an overdraft stands between me and a whole fleet of glorious motors. But I have said enough to make everybody want to buy everything.

AND that brings me to the real case for advertising. I have permitted myself to treat the subject more or less lightly, for one does not want to generate more resistance than is absolutely necessary to the sales of the paper to which one contributes. But I can, at a pinch, be serious too. The case *against* advertising is based on the argument of waste and overlapping; and it cannot be denied that, if there were n't competition, there would n't be, would there? But the argument, if it stops there, is so partial as to be fallacious; it is an argument, so far as it is sound, not against advertising, but against excessive, false, or foolish advertising. There are two important economic considerations on the other side. In the first place, if the thing advertised is a good thing—if it does really contribute to the efficiency, productive power, or active enjoyment of the person who buys it, and who would not have bought it if it had not been brought to his attention—then advertising is as constructive an industry in its way as the smelting of steel or the striking of oil. In the second place, it is merely ignorant to assume that the task of the advertiser is always to make you buy one thing instead of another. Everybody would be better pleased if you bought both. It is the bare economic fact that, if the advertisers had had their way, and money had been spent freely during the last ten years, instead of being 'saved' and so wasted (for where is that money now?), the world would not be staggering over an abyss of ruin, to whose brink the niggardly and nit-wit policy of deflation brought it. There is a perfectly solemn sense in which sales resistance is, in the present conditions, an economic crime. So much for that.

I have myself been led to acquire admirable articles—by reading admirable articles. I have listened to the sirens, and not been deceived. Why, the very suit I am wearing (ADVT.)—but hist! That sounds too much like a lively sense of tailors to come. And I am not in the advertising business—yet! Through Mr. Steel, however, the iron determination has entered my soul.

It pays to advertise—pays the firm that does it, and the infirm that profit by taking advice. Also, I suspect, it pays the gay and gallant lads who turn out the stuff. I warn my public (if she happens to be reading this advertisement) that henceforth I shall dedicate myself to art for art's sake. I am giving up writing and going in for literature. I am transferring my contributions to the outside columns—the ones with money in them.

Copy writers, please copy! Big businesses, please note!

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Here is the preface that M. Romains has written to his ten-volume novel, *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*, the first two volumes of which have just appeared.

Notes *on the* NOVEL

By JULES ROMAINS

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

I AM bringing out to-day the first two volumes of what will probably be my principal life work.

If I tried to date the first outline of this work I should have to go back almost to the beginning of my literary career. Ever since the time I wrote *La Vie Unanime* I felt that sooner or later I should have to undertake a vast work of fiction that would express in movement and multiplicity, in detail and development, that phase of the modern world whose first ferments were celebrated in my *Vie Unanime*. And I should hardly exaggerate if I added that several of my books simply enabled me to get my hand in, to try out various instruments and materials, and to explore territory that I was ultimately to occupy and organize.

I endeavored not to hasten the arrival of that decisive moment. I even let circumstances carry me along, persuaded that such an intimate enterprise could not fail to profit from delay. The years preceding maturity continually add to the inner resources of a writer if he is able to avoid certain dangers, of which success is by no means the least, since he must reject the ever present temptation to imitate himself and to continue to give pleasure by methods that have already proved successful. These years permit him to grow, to deepen, to correct his knowledge of life and men and even his knowledge of art. They give him time to get rid of theories and preoccupations that blur his view of things, and they give him time to prevent his way of writing from becoming too self-conscious or special. Finally, they group around him a more or less vast public that is ready to give him its confidence and follow him. These various considerations carried all the more weight because the work that I was planning could assume its real character and fulfill its destiny only if it spoke a language that everybody understood and dealt with motives of universal interest.

The two volumes that I am publishing are not the first two novels in a series or a cycle. They are the beginning of a single work of unusual dimensions.

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I am therefore obliged to ask my readers for rather special patience and faith. Nor is this the only change in reading habits that I demand. The other effort, or to use an expression that pleases me better, the other mark of friendship and confidence that I expect is that the reader be so good as to adapt himself from the start to the method of composition that I have chosen and to believe that I have adopted it not for the fun of the thing but because the nature of my subject, the spirit of my work, and the experiments of various kinds that I have made in the past led me to it necessarily. Moreover, I am persuaded that the effort will not be a great one, and I should even risk promising that in so far as any effort has to be made it will be repaid by a rather new kind of pleasure.

When a novelist attempts a work of great scope, as, for instance, when he paints the world of his own time, tradition offers him two principal methods, all others being mere variations. The first consists in treating a certain number of conveniently chosen subjects in separate novels, so that in the end the juxtaposition of these particular representations gives the rough equivalent of a single complete picture. The reappearance of a certain character, the recollection of events described elsewhere establish tangible bonds between one novel and another. But it must be admitted that the unity of the whole remains loose and precarious. Even the author sometimes does not recognize this unity until his work is done. In any event, the reader is not forced to recognize it willy nilly.

You can read Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet* and *César Birotteau* without bothering with the rest of the *Comédie humaine* and without realizing that a bond exists between these masterpieces quite different from the bond between Flaubert's *L'Éducation sentimentale* and *Madame Bovary*. I do not need to recall that Zola failed to achieve interior unity in the *Rougon-Macquart* series as successfully as he imagined. The ties of blood and heredity that he established between his characters had in the author's eyes a theoretical importance that he never succeeded in communicating to his readers. He leaves us with the impression that the unity of the series remains exterior.

THE second traditional method, equally common in French and foreign literature, is revealed in works whose internal unity is incontestable. Such works are not a collection of novels grouped under one title or included in a rather arbitrary setting. They are not books that we can begin wherever we please, according to our own preferences. They are single novels that extend into many volumes. What gives such novels unity is the person and life of their principal character. His adventures, on which the adventures of the characters he meets are grafted, give the author an opportunity to describe various settings. Finally, a more or less complete picture of society, with distances and foreshortenings that are more or less deforming, arranges everything perspectively about a single individual, and there are also digressions that the author permits himself to follow.

Such is the case with *Les Misérables*, and, if you like, with Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*. Such is even the case with those works in which the central character is more a witness than an actor, works which assume the aspect of romantic memoirs, like Proust's *À la Recherche du temps perdu*. All this biographic kind of unity centres on a family rather than an individual. And by that very token society is depicted on a more ample canvas. I am thinking especially of certain cele-

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brated foreign works like Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* or Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*. Although Zola's *Rougon-Macquart* may have been the original on which these ample constructions were modeled, we should notice that they make quite a different use of the family theme. They do not merely use the family as a convenient centre around which essentially independent themes are arranged, but recount the concrete history of a family through several generations, with all its adventures, its rise or decline, and its changing ideals.

This kind of composition escapes all criticism in so far as the real subject coincides with the apparent subject. If the central character, whether an individual or a family, is what chiefly interests the author, and if the events that are described, the settings in which they occur, and the other characters take their places naturally in the development of the hero's destiny, no objections can be raised. Such is the case in works which are described in Germany as 'novels of development' and which also flourish in France. The essential aim of these novels is to show the development of an individual, of an individual soul, toward life. It is true that in such works the representation of society has small chance of acquiring any value on its own account. It will necessarily be partial and subjective, entirely colored by the preoccupations of the hero and confined within the limits of his experience.

If, on the other hand, we feel that the author is making use of his chief character without discretion, if he leads that character arbitrarily into all kinds of settings and surroundings where he, the author, wants to go, if he has his character undergo adventures and experiences that do not follow each other in a natural sequence and can be explained only by the author's own predominant desire to paint a tableau of society, then the artifice irks us and may even become intolerable. We suffer from having to deal with a hero who is a mere pretext.

One of my oldest and most constant cares has been to discover a method of composition that would permit us to escape from our habit of concentrating our attention on the individual. My first prose work, *Le Bourg régénéré*, tended entirely in that direction. In 1911 I published *Mort de Quelqu'un*, which, in so far as technique was concerned, offered, I believe, a first solution to the problem and opened the door to other solutions. Every time I could I attacked this problem again, trying to solve it from different angles. These attempts include *Puissances de Paris*, certain stories in *Vin blanc de la Villette*, and even my cinematographic tale, *Donogoo-Tonka*, and the scenario, *L'Image*, that I wrote for Feyder. I have had the satisfaction of seeing certain foreign countries, notably Russia and America, where *Mort de Quelqu'un* was translated nearly twenty years after it was written, develop some of the principles of composition that I attempted, and in a more general way a number of young novelists have developed a technique that must be called '*unanimiste*.' I hope I shall be pardoned even in France for recalling that this style is of French origin.

I have alluded to attempts at writing for the screen. Some people may be tempted to establish a connection between the fictional technique I am discussing and certain movies. I agree, provided that one misunderstanding is avoided and that there is no question of the cinema's influencing the novel. Such a thing would be absurd. To return to personal experience, which is the only thing I am able to speak about with authority, when in 1906 I wrote *Le Bourg régénéré*, which has often been said to be the most cine-

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matographic in form of all my books, I did not dream of the cinema, nor did I when I wrote *Mort de Quelqu'un*, for the simple reason that the cinema was then in its infancy. The truth seems to be that in every epoch some art other than literature is particularly suited to satisfy the dominant tendency in the sensibilities of that period. But since literature, because of its extreme suppleness and its great variety of methods, always remains in contact with every movement and every demand of the spirit, since, in a word, it is the 'art most coextensive with the human soul,' no spiritual need can be born without finding a response in literature, so much so that in every epoch literature and some other art become curiously preoccupied with analogous things and try to express themselves in parallel ways. Hence the deceptive notion that literature is influenced by some other art.

I must excuse myself for attaching so much importance to questions that may seem to bear only on form and my own profession, questions that need not concern the reader. But my idea is not to attract attention to them. Quite the contrary. I should be more than glad not to discuss them at all if they had not been drawn into question. I should have much preferred to speak of the content of my work, of the human preoccupations of every kind from which it was born, and of the ideal directions that it is called upon to follow. True, there will be time to speak of such things when the remaining volumes of my work have appeared. Moreover, I ask myself whether these apparently quite formal questions do not get much closer to the bottom of things than people believe.

BRIEFLY, I have wanted to avoid at all costs the slightest misunderstanding between the reader and myself. My relations with him are going to be of long standing. They must be confident and easy from the start. I also desire—and let me repeat this—to speak for everybody and to be understood by the greatest number possible. An effort like the one I am embarking upon calls for the widest kind of human communion, an immense comradeship. I have the respect of the real *élite*, and I am counting on them to receive signs of friendship that will prevent the traveler from feeling fatigue or doubting his way. But the *élite* will not reproach me for attempting this comradeship, from which no advanced spirit is excluded, a comradeship that does not even demand that people be accustomed to certain little tricks or mannerisms of mine. For the reader will discover in the first three pages that he has less cause than ever to fear these tricks and mannerisms in my style.

I hope that the reader will not suffer from making certain changes in his habits, now that I have forewarned him. He now knows that he must not expect to see this vast work shape itself in the traditional artificial way around a miraculously chosen hero. He knows that he cannot count on a straightforward line of action that will carry him along without disturbing his indolence (for there is an inertia in movement), and that he will not find too simple a harmony establishing itself between varied actions. The reader divines that the thread of the story will often seem to break and the interest to be suspended or dispersed. He divines that, as soon as he begins to grow familiar with a character, to enter into that character's worries and his little universe, and to see the future through his eyes, he will suddenly be invited to transport himself far away and to throw himself into other concerns. But perhaps after a while the reader will be grateful. Perhaps he will be relieved not

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to have to contemplate another book in which a whole world is laboriously reduced to the dimensions of a single person. Perhaps he will experience little by little a feeling of freedom and unexpected diversity, and if little by little something builds itself up or assembles itself perhaps the reader will approve, because life itself is full of uncertainty, repetition, and hazard.

What I should like most of all to persuade my reader is not to be impatient, not to want to pass judgment too soon, nor to let the events in the book pass judgment on themselves too rapidly. I see no objection to people's asking occasionally, 'Where is this all going?' or to having people feel momentarily thrown off the track, because I know quite well that this will never happen because of whims or subterfuges on the part of the author. Do not even those of us who have the greatest faith in the future sometimes ask ourselves as we look about us, 'Where is this all going?' and do we not find the world we live in very deceptive? I want people who read me to perceive that certain things do not go anywhere. There are destinies that end nobody knows where. There are people, enterprises, hopes, that are never mentioned again. There are meteors that pulverize themselves and irregular comets that shoot across the human firmament. All this is part of that pathetic dispersion and evanescence in which life abounds, but which books almost always refuse to depict since they are preoccupied, in the name of outworn rules, with beginning and ending the game with the same cards.

But I do hope we end up somewhere. My title, *Men of Good Will*, makes that promise. I am not one of those who find a bitter consolation in contemplating ultimate incoherence. I am not a dilettante of chaos. Of course, the world is not always everything one could desire, but from this directionless seething, these zigzag efforts, these wisps of disorder the ideal of every epoch finally emerges. Myriads of human actions projected in every direction by the indifferent forces of interest, passion, crime, or madness seem to cancel each other or to become lost in nothingness. But, among them all, some few are carried out by pure hearts with a little constancy and for reasons that have the air of responding to the most fundamental designs of the spirit. And there are certain contagions, certain transfers of will and virtue difficult to explain. Everything happens as if the Whole wanted to pursue its way by fits and starts. In the confusion of human wills there surely must be some men of good will. Don't ask me to point them out to you in advance with an infallible finger. I shall do as you do. I shall learn to recognize them little by little by regarding their actions and what their actions rise from. I think that men of good will are more numerous than we imagine and more numerous than they themselves believe. It remains to be seen how often they are self-deceived, how often they let themselves be tied to the enemy's chariot, or, like the blind horse at the Persian water wheel, find themselves harnessed to the windlass of a well with no water in it.

'Men of good will.' An ancient benediction tries to seek them out in the crowd and discover them. May they once again, some day or other, be brought together by glad tidings and find some sure way of recognizing each other so that this world of which they are the salt may not perish.

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BOOKS ABROAD

THE TRUTH ABOUT REPARATIONS AND WAR DEBTS. *By David Lloyd George. London: William Heinemann. 1932. 3s. 6d.*

(J. B. Firth in the *Daily Telegraph*, London)

IT IS a great thing to be born at the right time. Mr. Lloyd George's little volume, *The Truth about Reparations and War Debts*, is particularly timely in view of the Reparations Conference at Lausanne on June 1, and the author's own return to political activity. This is a first-rate 'popular' handbook to a formidable problem that has been made repellent by bristling ramparts of statistics. It can be read by those who run. At the same time the running reader will do well to be on guard against the strong bias of the author, and make the proper allowance for what is intended as in part an *apologia* and always a vindication.

There is no hedging. Mr. Lloyd George has no doubt what ought to be done about reparations and war debts. In the idiom of the late Lord Fisher, it is—'Scrap the lot.' Here are two brief sentences that crystallize his conclusions:—

> No measure can have a chance until you clear out of the way this rubble of war ledgers.
>
> It is not worth while keeping afloat any part of the reparation debts. I am fully convinced that salvage operations to rescue any scrap from the deep into which it has sunk are not worth the cost and risk.

This is no novel counsel. It has been *ab initio* the British ideal. Mr. Lloyd George pressed it privately on President Wilson during the Peace Conference. But neither the great idealist nor the United States Treasury would look at it, either then or later.

The Balfour Note of 1922, which has governed British policy since that day, was based fundamentally on the same idea of canceling out, but the United States still rejects every suggestion of treating the two subjects—reparations and war debts—together. And yet Mr. Lloyd George is absolutely right in insisting on the obvious fact that they are, in fact, inseparably intertwined, subject to the same influences, determined in their development by the same external forces.

Mr. Lloyd George speaks with great candor about the United States. He admits how colossal would be the act of cancellation required. America has war debts owing to her by fourteen European countries which produce a yearly income of $260,000,000, more than half of which is paid by Great Britain. The capital value of these annuities on a 4¼ per cent basis would be about $7,000,000,000. How then, especially in the present economic plight of the United States, can Congress think of running a pen through a majestic debt like that?

And yet, as Mr. Lloyd George acutely points out, most of these debts are now bad debts. Payment everywhere depends on the receipt by others of German reparations, and Germany has paid reparations only by borrowing—mostly from the United States—the money wherewith to pay them. America will not take goods in payment, and the stocks of gold in her bank cellars are not only useless to the United States but, lying unused where they lie, prevent Europe from buying from America.

As for the American attitude toward Britain's war debt, incurred as and when it was incurred, Mr. Lloyd George's comment is, 'Great Britain has had very shabby treatment,' and, if the position had been reversed, 'I

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should have been a little ashamed as a Britisher if we had treated in this fashion a country so closely linked with ours in language, history, and race.' But then comes in the characteristic touch that is like the smear of an inky finger on the page. Perhaps, he says, it would be fairer to saddle the blame, not on 'the harshness of the American Treasury but on the softness of those who represented our Exchequer.'

> Mr. Mellon was keen, experienced, hard, and ruthless; Mr. Baldwin casual, soft, easy-going, and at that time quite raw. Mr. Baldwin admits that since then he has learned a great deal. At that time he merited his constant boast that he was only a 'simple countryman.' A business transaction at that date between Mr. Mellon and Mr. Baldwin was in the nature of a negotiation between a weasel and its quarry.

Thus does Mr. Lloyd George get his own back on the undersecretary who had proposed his deposition at the Carlton Club meeting. This is not 'truth' speaking; it is political spite.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE dips his pen in special gall whenever he mentions France and M. Poincaré. He not only strenuously attacks M. Poincaré's policy, which had, indeed, the most deplorable effect when it issued in the invasion of the Ruhr, but he paints a portrait of the man himself that is meant to hurt:—

> M. Poincaré is cold, reserved, rigid, with a mind of unimaginative and ungovernable legalism. He has neither humor nor good humor. In conference he was dour and morose. In appearance he is obviously Flemish by race. His judgment on anything affecting the treatment of Germany was further upset by the undignified experience to which he was driven at the beginning of the War by the relentless Teuton. In the dead of night he fled from his presidential palace to an obscure wayside station in order to catch an express for Bordeaux that would enable him to put hundreds of miles between himself and the abhorred helmets from across the Rhine.

The suggestion of cowardice in the last paragraph is ridiculous when one remembers how certain it seemed at that moment that nothing could save Paris but a miracle—the miracle, in fact, of the Marne.

Mr. Lloyd George, however, cannot find a single good word of any sort to say for France. He has gone right over, lock, stock, and barrel, to the side of Germany. She has done her best, he says, as France has done her worst. She has played the part of the vanquished without reproach, while 'the immense land armaments of France are a glaring and arrogant breach of the undertakings of Versailles.' His case is that France is the bully who dreads the day of just reckoning for evil done. Surely it is permissible to ask whether a furious indictment of this sort is likely to lead to an understanding at Lausanne on the lines that Mr. Lloyd George desires!

Mr. Lloyd George is far more convincing when he reveals how entirely deluded almost all the statesmen and financiers of the Peace seem to have been as to the possibility of extracting countless millions from Germany from one decade to another. They all believed that somehow a way would be found to solve the difficulty of getting the treasure in a realizable form over the frontier. The surest lesson of the last ten years is that the thing cannot be done. After the vanquished has been drained of his gold and securities he can only keep going and paying by borrowing, and when the borrowing stops—as it has stopped now—there is nothing for it but a cancellation, a composition, or a bankruptcy.

It seems incredible now that a carefully picked British committee composed of men of great experience should have believed in 1918 that the Central Powers could make an annual reparation payment of £1,200,000,000 or £40,000,000,000 over a range of thirty

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years. Another figure which Mr. Lloyd George rightly stresses, and which every Briton should remember, is that, though we are the second largest creditor on war account, we are the only one of the victors that has paid more than it has received, for 'we have actually paid out £133,700,000 more than our total receipts from reparations and war debts,' while all the other Allies have balances on the right side.

Mr. Lloyd George's confident conclusion, namely, that the highest wisdom and the most enlightened self-interest counsel a prompt cancellation of all reparations and war debts is, I think, irrefutable. To expect that the cancellation would be virtually unconditional is quite another matter. Democracies, as Mr. Lloyd George truly says, are not nearly as timid as their leaders.

Two grand questions remain: (1) is it possible to expect the American democracy to run its pen through a capital debt of $7,000,000,000, and (2) is it possible to expect the French democracy to consent to forego its legal claim to German reparations, and, forgetting its deep-seated nervousness about security, help with its own hands the rapid restoration of a powerful Germany?

LES HAUTS-PONTS. VOLUME ONE: SABINE. *By Jacques de Lacretelle. Paris. Librairie Gallimard. 1932.*

(André Thérive in *Le Temps*, Paris)

I SINCERELY believe that Jacques de Lacretelle's new novel is going to occupy an important place in our literature. In the first place, it impresses every alert reader as a lasting, thoughtful, and powerful work. Its subtlety, its accuracy of detail, its perfect harmony as a whole, and the wisdom with which it has been composed reveal a high degree of intelligence. Old-fashioned critics would certainly pronounce it a masterpiece, but our modern critics are more prudent. None the less, I do not hesitate to commend the book.

This work definitely marks the death of modernism, and good riddance of bad rubbish, say I. For at last we are going to be able to pronounce heavy and old-fashioned those novels whose authors used all their ingenuity preventing us from seeing or understanding anything. Their chief ambition was to prove that formlessness is a form like any other, but now we must revise our text-books on contemporary literature. Universities will have to omit from their programmes the barroom morality, the evasion, anxiety, and *surréalisme* that formed the styles of 1925. The author of *Sabine*, whom no one can call an academic fossil, has helped to ring down the curtain on many things that were always dead and never really came to life.

For *Sabine* is a brilliant, insolent novel in the old style. In the first place, its action occurs sixty years ago among the landowners of the Vendée. Balzac was right when he said that half a century should elapse before one tries to depict an epoch. By that time the picture of such a period is filled out. Its evolution has been completed. One gains an exact perspective, whereas the historic colors of one's own time often escape one and one can't see the forest for the trees. The civilization that Jacques de Lacretelle has described in *Sabine* has disappeared, but it is not forgotten. When Maupassant wrote *Une Vie* he dated it back in 1819, and not merely so that his heroine could die about 1860, but in order to give the story a retrospective air. It is not mere chance that makes me recall this great book, for it can justly be compared with M. de Lacretelle's. Nor shall I conceal the fact that *Sabine* is a picture of bygone provincial life, a story of reversals of fortune and of adulteries dreamed of if not executed.

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Sabine is a lady of thirty-five. The descendant of a good but ruined family, she is married to Alexandre Darembert, who owns the estate of Hauts-Ponts and several other domains near Fontenay-le-Comte. She has an adolescent daughter, Lise, and leads a monotonous existence without any great pain and with many little pleasures. Her minor domestic triumphs, her purchases, her toilet, her housekeeping duties, the few visits she pays her neighbors, these are sufficient to occupy her until her old age. But the squire of Serzay, M. Jean de la Fontange, a man slightly younger than herself, becomes interested in Sabine. Without paying court to her, he arouses her interest, her intellectual life, at least a gentle desire to have an intellectual life. Then comes an obscure desire for a sentimental life as well, a desire that at last something might happen. She thinks she has formed an intellectual friendship with him, but as soon as she feels herself compromised she denounces Jean to her husband, who justly felt so sure of himself that he was going to borrow some money from the fellow.

Here the adventure ends. Sabine has a severe attack of bronchitis and sets forth for Nice with her daughter. There, while her health gets steadily worse, she is swindled by a young rogue who appeared to have taken a liking to her and to whom she might have yielded if he had wished anything but her money. Finally, she dies while her husband, now ruined by an absconding clerk, thinks that she is about to get well. After Sabine dies Hauts-Ponts has to be sold. Young Lise sees her father die as the result of a stupid accident and in her there comes to life the ancestral desire for property, the obsession to recover the lost land, the only sentiment that animated M. Darembert all his life. Sabine and romance are dead and the family circle is ready to close.

Since the whole of *Les Hauts-Ponts*, of which this is the first volume, will form a fictional cycle, it is difficult to judge whether the amorous aspect of Sabine's life will influence the daughter or whether she will be more dominated by the history of a race that has always been attached to its property. The dramatic element in this first book lies in the conflict between a woman who was born to love and to think and her social group, which loves only the soil and thinks only of the soil. Sabine, dying of disillusionment and a financial misadventure, represents the sacrifice of a soul to Moloch. But M. de Lacretelle presents this terrible little world in which more sensitive spirits must adapt themselves or die with such infinite skill that it seems neither odious nor ridiculous. M. Darembert is at bottom a fine fellow, an excellent husband, a conscientious property holder who is simply devoured by legitimate anxiety and who never insults Sabine by doubting her. Reincarnated in his daughter, Lise, he seems less likable. Hardness and rapacity inherited from the ages gradually overcome this adolescent girl, and the awakening of these devils in her childish heart is described poignantly and fiercely.

What makes the real novelist, indeed, the great novelist, is not so much the ability to show several characters with common moral principles and a uniform quality of pathos living together as it is the art of showing ordinary society going on around this chosen and curiously isolated group. A novelist must not blow bubbles of culture. If he does, his work is vitiated before he begins. It is often the authors who have the greatest gift for imagining life and stylizing its forms who fail to submit to reality, to vulgarity, to what M. de Lacretelle calls indispensable triviality. He therefore attaches great importance to the supernumeraries who people the first volume of *Les Hauts-Ponts*, all of

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whom are depicted with a care and accuracy that command the highest praise. Their relation to the whole picture, the balance maintained between different values, in short, the art of proportioning the surfaces as well as the lines of his portrait, all these things place M. Jacques de Lacretelle among those authors who are already being imitated.

JEHOL, DIE KAISERSTADT. *By Sven Hedin. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1932.*

(From the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest)

'THE little bronze bells, still hanging on the turned-up edge of the temple roof, rang out their monotonous lament at the slightest movement of the wind. They rang when the Emperor K'ien-lung was alive, and now they sing their melody to the new China. Once upon a time they chimed for festivals and for military triumphs; now they ring a dirge for the glory that is past. Everything is futile and no more than a snatching at the wind.'

These words were written, not by a professional poet, but by Sven Hedin, the famous Asiatic scholar, in his recent book, *Jehol, the Imperial City*. When a man of Sven Hedin's scope and enormous achievement expresses himself in terms of almost melancholy diffidence concerning ultimate human values, it is proof of his spiritual significance, for all that is truly great becomes small in relation to eternity. His words also testify to the tremendous impression made upon him by the decaying Summer Palace of the Manchu emperors. No one who has looked at the book, with its photographs and drawings by the author, will be amazed at his reaction. For this perishing city is saturated with memories of great events in world history, and traces of its former dignity and splendor are everywhere perceptible. Innumerable buildings, each one more precious than the last, are still standing to bear witness to its ancient brilliance and power.

Emperor K'ien-lung himself had thirty-six summerhouses, pavilions, and curiosities of many kinds constructed in the park of the Summer Palace, although there were already many that had been built before his time. He extended and beautified the palace grounds, had lakes and artificial islands laid out where none had been before, and ordered arched bridges built. Within the palace there was a collection of the most precious works of art to be found in all China—rare manuscripts, choice books, illustrated works, and atlases. Princes and poets, artists and scholars frequented the court. Jehol was a lovely jewel in the ring of Chinese cities, challenging Peking itself in culture.

One of the unique possessions of Jehol is a temple which will be shown, in exact reproduction and in natural size, at the World Fair in Chicago. It is the Golden Pavilion, the most beautiful of Mongol temples and perhaps the most precious gem of all Chinese architecture. In this building expert architects created a house of worship inimitably distinguished in line and of the noblest proportions.

World history is embodied in Jehol. The palace shows many faces, expressing politics in the grand manner, incomparable art, secret intrigue, and clandestine love. It was here that Lord Macartney, the first British envoy to China, was received. The good peer's mission, however, narrowly escaped being a failure because of a point of etiquette. He was supposed to prostrate himself before the Emperor and touch his forehead to the ground as a sign of homage. Macartney refused to do this; and, to the boundless amazement of the whole court, the Emperor yielded to his wish.

One of the most interesting figures at

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the Manchu court was Ho Shen, K'ien-lung's prime minister. Ho Shen originally came from Manchuria and had been a simple sedan-bearer in his early days. His features reminded the Emperor of one of his dead wives, Ma Chia, most beautiful of all the women he had loved. The power exercised by Ho Shen spread corruption and maladministration. The Emperor, so wise in other respects, would not heed warnings about Ho Shen. But K'ien-lung's successor, perceiving what a menace the man was to the kingdom and the dynasty, sent Ho Shen the silken cord which constituted an invitation to commit suicide. The dead monarch's favorite left behind him a completely disorganized realm.

IN Sven Hedin's absorbing book the bloody periods of Jehol's past are delightfully interrupted by delicate tales of love. One of the most ardent of these is the story of the unhappy love of the Emperor Kia-K'ing for Wang, an artisan's wife. The scene of the story was the Isle of Bliss. Wang was more lovely than any lady of the royal harem. Held prisoner in the castle and desperate with longing for her beloved husband, she jumped into one of Jehol's numerous lakes and was drowned. When her husband learned of her death he drowned himself in the sea. The weak, tender-hearted Emperor was also profoundly affected by the suicide of his wretched prisoner, by whose side he had sought respite from the life of a court whose cliques disgusted him, although he lacked the energy to release himself from them. He fell grievously ill and died shortly afterward.

There is an unconscious but poignant element of tragedy in Jehol's deed of foundation, which was drawn up by the great Emperor K'ang-hi himself. K'ang-hi expressed his conviction that 'a thousand harvests would not dim the radiant light of his imperial forefathers.' The misery into which China was subsequently plunged by the intervention of the Western powers caused this wish to be shattered quickly by gloomy realities. And even Jehol, once the richest city of all the world, suffered the curse that has lain over China for many years. 'Horror inhabits the desolate window spaces . . .'

The immense art treasures have been scattered to the four winds by great and petty thieves. This work of annihilation continues to-day in spite of the efforts of the Central Government. The hundred lamas who are supposed to guard Jehol dare not deliver up marauding soldiers to earthly justice.

It is not to be wondered at that Sven Hedin was overcome by a feeling of the transiency of everything that has been built by human hands and conceived by the human mind as he stood in the broad halls of the temples and palaces where the gods who were once so powerful now mourn. Soon one of the most marvelous cities in the world will have disappeared from the earth, leaving scarcely a trace behind. Only Sven Hedin's sad and lovely book will bear witness to Jehol's existence. It is fortunate for us and for posterity that the city has as its biographer such an experienced and learned artist as Hedin. By reason of a capacity for poetic fantasy his artistic portrayals rise above the monotony of ordinary travel descriptions; his walks through the palaces, temples, and groves of the Imperial City, his experiences on the lakes and rivers, are full of poetic charm. One reads enraptured about the park of ten thousand trees, the island of wishes that have been fulfilled, the waterfall that plunges down over a block of jade, and the marshes of rainbow hues. 'The sun is setting. Dragons and elephants gleam with incandescent gold. The pine trees in the park are blood red; the walls, flesh-colored and

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red, seem like piles of glowing lava. The shadows become longer; night invades Jehol. The perpetual dusk in the sacred temple of Hsin-Kung deepens until the few statues of gods which still gaze dreamily toward the altar can scarcely be distinguished from their background.'

DER STAATSSTREICH. *By Curzio Malaparte. Berlin: E. P. Tal Verlag. 1932.*

(Alfred Kantorowicz in the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin)

HERE is an extraordinarily interesting book. Its author, an Italian diplomat, had the opportunity of witnessing several decisive revolutions and attempted *coups d'état* on the spot. He has given his own personal experiences in the light of his studies of classic *coups d'état* and has written a kind of text-book on the methods of attacking and defending the state. Since the time of Machiavelli many fundamental conditions have changed, but if we substitute for the absolute power of the prince the absolute power of the state we find that Machiavelli has a good deal of bearing on the twentieth century.

This book is written as much for revolutionists as for defenders of the state. It includes all the tactical possibilities in the struggle for power in the state. Malaparte uses as his point of departure the history of the classic modern *coup d'état*, the Russian revolution of October 1917, when Trotski's tactics of gaining control of the technical apparatus of the state by means of a handful of determined, trained followers met with success. In the decisive hour Lenin's strategy bowed to Trotski's tactics. The lesson taught by that experience was not 'a lesson in revolutionary strategy, but a lesson in the tactics of revolt.' This revolt was supported by the revolutionary power of the majority of the working population, but it was carried out by a small, cold-blooded, violent body of men trained in the tactics of revolution, for Trotski operated in Leningrad with only a thousand men. The important thing is not to occupy the government offices, the military headquarters, and the police stations, but to take over and hold the postal and telegraph services, the railway stations, and the vital lines of communication by means of a few shock troops with thorough military and technical training.

Against such a revolutionary body, which has mastered the modern technique of a *coup d'état* and is able to control the technical apparatus of the state, old-fashioned police methods are absolutely useless. In order to defeat these tactics, one must resort to the methods that Stalin used to keep Trotski out of power. This is explained in the second chapter of the book, entitled 'The Story of an Unsuccessful *Coup d'État:* Trotski against Stalin.' The defender of the state will succeed or fail in his efforts according to the degree in which he is able to act on modern experience. Malaparte gives as examples of this principle the unsuccessful Kapp *Putsch*, which was engineered on purely military principles and the Pilsudski *coup d'état.* Finally, he makes a complete analysis of the methods by which Italian Fascism successfully seized power.

All this information about *coups d'état* is written in a vivid, passionate, and eloquent style. Few books are more exciting to read and few could be of greater interest to the political actors of to-day.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

The Carlton Club's First Hundred Years

ENGLAND'S great Tory club—the Carlton—is celebrating its hundredth anniversary this year. Founded in 1832 as an anti-reform organization, it has included among its members all the important Conservative politicians of the past century, though it has never represented the party officially. Its rooms are constantly used for political conferences, and on October 19, 1922, a meeting at the Carlton definitely destroyed the Lloyd George coalition. Yet there is no record of that meeting in the Club's books, for no deliberation of members has any official connection with the organization. Not only have the British Tories left no record of their party activities, but their party club has never had its history written. All that is known of what has occurred within its walls takes the form of anecdotes. Gladstone, for instance, who used to belong, was once threatened with physical ejection by a group of drunken members who wanted to pitch him out the window and into the Reform Club, which chanced to stand next door. From its earliest days the Carlton has been famous as a stronghold of reaction. When it was established the *Times* referred to its members as 'enemies of the people,' and some Conservative members of Parliament would not join it at first because some of them believed in meeting the Whigs halfway on the issue of the Reform Bill of 1832.

The only attempt ever made to describe its history takes the form of a manuscript written by a member in 1856 and never published. He pictured it as 'half a dozen Tory dukes and marquises sitting around a large check book with a list of Tory candidates in front of them, taking counsel how the genius of Liberty might be fascinated and vanquished like Danaë of old, by the descent of a shower of gold.' The quality of the members' repartee is well illustrated in the story of a distinguished statesman who was asked by a fellow member, 'Did I not see you walking to-day with your Radical son? How came you to beget a Radical?' To which the devastating answer was, 'He was n't a Radical when I begot him.' The fact that the history of the club is richer in stories of this kind than in actual accounts of party intrigue goes far to explain why no adequate account of its doings has ever been laid before the public.

Moscow's Smash Hit

THE most successful play of the current season in Moscow indicates that the Russian public approves of Communism on the stage as well as off. The title of the piece is *Fear* and its author, A. Afinogenov, is a young member of the Communist Party. He has chosen as his theme the position of the intellectual under Soviet conditions and he is fortunate in having found in the Moscow Art Theatre and in one of the leading playhouses in Leningrad two companies that have done his work justice.

The central figure of the play is an elderly scientist, Professor Borodin, who bears a definite resemblance to Pavlov, the great Russian physiologist, and who has come to the conclusion that four factors underlie all human behavior—love, hate, hunger, and fear. The action of the play deals with the efforts of a group of the Professor's conservative friends to oust from his laboratory Makarova, a former working girl who is now a Communist bureaucrat, and a crude Kirghiz from the steppes of Central Asia. When they are momentarily successful the Professor launches this attack on the Soviet system: 'We live in the epoch of great fear. The peasant fears the loss of his last cow. The engineer fears denunciation as a *saboteur*. The Soviet employee fears the purge. The Communist Party member fears being accused of a deviation.' To these arguments a veteran woman Communist replies that fear strikes only those who hate and injure the new social order.

The climax of the play is the exposure of the Professor's friends by the Ogpu, which reveals that Borodin was lending himself unwittingly to an anti-Soviet plot. A woman

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examiner in a leather jacket cross-questions everybody, relentlessly and perfectly, and the Professor is saved from dismissal only by agreeing to coöperate with the two good Communists whom his friends had tried to displace. The most striking members of the Moscow cast are Leonidov as Borodin and a nine-year-old child who does not know—in the play at least—what six times seven make but who can deliver expert lectures on the Five-Year Plan.

Fascist Culture

ITALY, like Russia, is making an organized effort to encourage its own brand of culture, but with considerably less success. Whereas Russia has produced several excellent novelists, many fine actors, and some remarkable motion pictures, Fascist Italy has almost nothing to show for itself. *Bibliografia Fascista*, a 'monthly review of the Fascist cultural movement,' attests to the intellectual poverty and despair of modern Italy. This periodical is given over chiefly to essays explaining that Fascism is more than a method of government; it is a complete way of life. But the contributors to *Bibliografia Fascista* do not always have their hearts in their work. When a 650-page anthology of Fascist writers recently appeared and attempted to show that Fascist Italy 'has an intellectual class quite its own,' the acknowledged organ of that intellectual class expressed the wish that the 158 poets, novelists, lawyers, playwrights, and politicians who had contributed to the anthology would devote their energies to some other field than literature. Indeed, it was argued that if all these would-be authors were real intellectuals they would stifle the country.

What seems to have happened is that a real split has developed even among the writers who pretend to have Fascist sympathies. *Bibliografia Fascista* often pleads for pure science, pure philosophy, and for those whom the state brands as 'enemies of youth.' One of the last gasps in behalf of the present order, a manifesto signed by one Giovanni Calendoli, argues that man is most free when his life is firmly rooted in society and that the best society 'harmonizes' with the minds of those who belong to it. Calendoli asserts as a fact that the world is living in a Fascist period and that dictatorial methods are equally evident in modern poetry and in modern statecraft. He comes to many of the same conclusions that the Marxians reach, though by different paths, proclaiming that the writer reflects the social problems of his time and that our new society must bring forth a new type of writer. That no such writer has yet appeared on the Italian scene would seem to indicate that Fascism has not fulfilled its own promises.

Film Technique Revolutionized

ONE of the leading Russian movie directors, V. I. Pudowkin, has procured entirely new effects by adapting the technique of slow motion to the ordinary film. The idea came to him, he says, while he was watching a reaper with his scythe and wondering whether the warmth and weight of certain motions could be captured on the cinema screen. Since some of the reaper's movements seemed more significant than others, it occurred to Pudowkin that they should be recorded very rapidly so that they would appear in slow motion on the screen, and that some other movements should appear at normal speed. Here is the way he worked out his idea:—

'1. A man stands bared to the waist. In his hands is a scythe. Pause. He swings the scythe. (The whole movement goes in normal speed, that is, has been recorded at normal speed.)

'2. The sweep of the scythe continues. The man's back and shoulders. Slowly the muscles play and grow tense. (Recorded very fast with a "slow-motion" apparatus, so that the movement on the screen comes out unusually slow.)

'3. The blade of the scythe slowly turning at the culmination of its sweep. A gleam of the sun flares up and dies out. (Shot in "slow motion.")

'4. The blade flies downward. (Normal speed.)

'5. The whole figure of the man brings back the scythe over the grass at normal speed. A sweep—back. A sweep—back. A sweep. . . . And at the moment when the blade of the scythe touches the grass—

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'6. —slowly (in "slow motion") the cut grass sways, topples, bending and scattering glittering drops.

'7. Slowly the muscles of the back relax and the shoulders withdraw.

'8. Again the grass slowly topples, lies flat.

'9. The scythe blade swiftly lifting from the earth.

'10. Similarly swift, the man sweeping with the scythe. He mows, he sweeps.

'11. At normal speed, a number of men mowing, sweeping their scythes in unison.

'12. Slowly raising his scythe a man moves off through the dusk.'

When Pudowkin applied his formula he found that it produced the desired effect on the spectators, who claimed that they had experienced a wholly new sensation of moisture, weight, and force. He then tried a similar experiment shooting raindrops falling on dry sand and on the surface of water with a slow-motion camera, speeding up his film as the rain fell more rapidly and then suddenly slowing it down to show how a huge raindrop hitting a balustrade breaks and glitters. What he emphasized as a result of his experiments was that slow motion can be used not as a trick, but as a means of retarding and then accelerating the motion of a regular picture to a precise degree. He came to the conviction that slow motion is not a distortion of an actual process but a conscious guidance of the attention of the spectator to some significant happening. It offers a new method of creating emphasis. It is a 'close-up' of time.

Paris Opéra Crisis

MUSIC in France is fighting a losing battle against the world depression. Jacques Rouché, director of the Paris Opéra, has recently resigned his position because, like certain American millionaires who occupy similar posts, he can no longer afford to cover the annual deficit out of his own pocket. Box-office receipts have fallen by more than 40 per cent within the past few months, and the state and municipality have been summoned to the rescue. Already the Government hands over 4,800,000 francs a year to the Paris Opéra, and next year the subsidy is to be increased by a million francs. The municipal authorities also subsidize the Opéra to the extent of 600,000 francs a year, but they neutralize their generosity by collecting twice this amount in taxes. The Paris press has not been slow to point out that many small German communities spend more on music than the self-acknowledged artistic capital of the universe, adding that a large subsidy is required in the best of years to maintain an organization employing eight hundred people. In short, the Paris Opéra always has lost money and always will, but the community must now, in a lean year, pay substantially higher taxes if one of its most important artistic institutions is to be maintained. Next year's national budget faces a huge deficit, and higher taxes will not be popular, even to pay the necessary expenses of government. Here, then, is a splendid test of whether the French public prefers money or art.

A Soviet Edition of Tolstoi

TOLSTOI'S complete works will appear for the first time in a ninety-volume edition now being prepared by Soviet scholars. Vladimir Chertkov and a commission of professors and men of letters have already prepared forty-two volumes for the press, only eight of which have appeared because of the paper shortage, and they do not expect that their editorial labors will be completed until 1934. Several more years will then have to elapse before all the ninety volumes are printed.

The outstanding feature of this edition is the amount of unpublished letters, notebooks, and diaries that it will contain. No less than 10,000 of Tolstoi's own letters have been preserved, and, besides these, many discarded passages from his novels have been unearthed, notably an unpublished chapter from *Anna Karenina* describing how Anna educated her son, Serozha. Then too, Tolstoi left behind him many writings on political and social problems which he was not allowed to publish under the Tsarist régime but which the Soviet authorities, although equally hostile, are letting appear, since only 5,000 copies of the ninety-volume edition are to be

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printed. For every day of the year, Tolstoi had an aphorism, usually of a pacifistic nature and therefore as little likely to appeal to the new Russia as to the old. Here are a few of them:—

'When human law demands what is opposed to divine law, man cannot and must not obey.

'So long as violence is recognized as legal there can be no good or reasonable life for people.

'All the calamities that are inseparably associated with the state continually increase with the extension of its limits and, on the other hand, diminish with the contraction of these limits.'

By bringing out such material, the Soviet authorities show that on occasion scholarship is allowed to take precedence over political expedience.

The Chosen People?

So much fire has been concentrated on the Jewish race by Adolf Hitler and other extreme German nationalists that the *Literarische Welt* of Berlin invited an anti-Semitic and a Jewish writer to debate the question of whether or not the Jews are the chosen people. The anti-Semite, Heinrich Jarcke, attacked the Messianic qualities that the Jews have arrogated to themselves. They alone, he said, feel that they *must* make certain choices and that they alone are qualified for salvation. Other races have saints and heroes; only the Jews have prophets. Jarcke then quoted Heinrich Mann as having said that the Jewish race produced only two originators or discoverers—the German word was '*Erfinder*'—during the nineteenth century: Marx and Freud. And then Jarcke explained how characteristically Jewish both these figures were—Marx destroying the state and Freud religion. But they were only 'photographic negatives' of Moses and had simply taken away what Moses had given. 'Moses gave humanity a God and created the conception of the people as a God-given, God-willed eternity. Marx and Freud tried to take these two things away.' Jarcke brought his argument to a close by stating that he did not advocate a pogrom because the Jewish race bears the mark of Cain and he who kills Cain is damned sevenfold.

Simon Medina-Alvarez, replying for the Jewish race, required considerably more space. He argued that all races regard themselves as the chosen people and that the Jews simply set the fashion in this respect. But the Jews did not set the fashion in destroying religion—the French Revolution did that a whole century before Freud was heard of and the nationalists of every country have kept up the good work. As for the attacks on nationalism, they did not originate with Marx but with German idealistic philosophy, which Marx tipped upside down and made materialistic. Like all good defenses, this one ended with an attack. Jarcke had criticized the Jews for representing relative, not absolute, values, but Medina-Alvarez countered by attacking the anti-Semites as the most relativistic people in the world. In Germany, for instance, the Jews are regarded as the organ of international finance, whereas in France they are regarded as vague, Nordic, and anti-Latin. And all the anti-Semites forget that Jews are human and not so different from anybody else—except, of course, anti-Semites.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Baby Lindy

THE American press has been full of quotations from various European sources in regard to the Lindbergh kidnapping affair, most of them superficial, scornful, and hypocritical. We present here a few serious comments that relate the incident to some of the elementary forces at work in the United States today. Paul Scheffer, for instance, Washington correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, draws this moral:—

Colonel Lindbergh has long been something more than the great aviator. He has become the great American. Clearly and evidently he now stands for what his own career has created, a picture of what the American would like to be or at least what the complete American wants to look like. He is the unhesitating, determined type who gets what he wants, who acts and does not speak, who excels all other men, the record man. At the moment these statements sound dangerously ambiguous, but ambiguity vanishes in the face of the fact that Lindbergh is essentially a decent fellow of the modest, naïve type, a man of the people who remains himself in every situation. He is the man who has had good luck in the American fashion, the man who married the dollar princess, Miss Morrow, and acquired a father-in-law of power and prestige. But Lindbergh has not remained a merely mythical figure. He himself became mythological history as he continued developing.

A few gossips have tried to humanize Lindbergh. When he used to be an airmail flyer he was said to have cursed and told dirty stories. These rumors he has totally ignored. Lindbergh himself has seemed thoroughly bored with his position on a pedestal. He has treated the press very badly, and the room where his child was born was hermetically sealed against newspaper men. It has only just been discovered that Mrs. Lindbergh is expecting a second baby, in spite of the tremendous interest that such an event possesses in America. The news of her second child became known only when her first child disappeared, but before her first child was born the indiscretion of some relative released the news six months ahead of time, and Lindbergh was very angry about it. Nevertheless, his shyness in the face of publicity makes him even more idealized and guarantees that he will permanently fill his rôle as the ideal, complete American who sits in his office, where secrecy also prevails. For the same secrecy surrounds the American office that surrounds the unknown soldier who lies as a national hero in the cemetery at Arlington.

A Frenchman of genius, Guyot, has said that the creation of myths is fundamental to the creation of a civilization and that a nation without a mythology is doomed to destruction. At the moment, Lindbergh would make a good representative figure for this hypermodern yet primitive country, just as the long-lived Hindenburg represents Germany.

But the kidnapping teaches a serious philosophy. It proves that the criminal enjoys power and security in the kind of society that has brought forth the Lindbergh symbol. It reveals the strength of the dark forces that are spreading throughout the land. These powers are strong enough to profit even from Lindbergh's fabulous fame. This is not mere hairsplitting. It is no more subtle than the empty cradle that the nurse discovered ninety minutes after the baby had been kidnapped.

We in Europe insist that class conflicts determine our social life, but the social question in America is not organized in the same way that it is in the Old World. The tragedy of the defeat for the bourgeois way of life is quite a different kind of tragedy over here. This exciting adventure has tied America into knots in a unique way. America is dominated by the conflict between its law-abiding element and organized crime. The 'racket' is a neglected illness that has penetrated everywhere and its danger has now revealed itself most clearly.

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Another correspondent, S. Kracauer, of the *Prager Tagblatt*, attaches significance to the fact that two thousand other kidnappings have been reported in the United States during the past two years:—

May I ask whether in these two thousand other cases all the resources of the United States have been exercised in the full to provide the necessary help? Have extra editions of the newspapers appeared two thousand times over? Have hundreds of thousands of officials searched for kidnappers two thousand times? Have clergymen summoned the aid of God two thousand times? No such reports have been heard and no such things have happened. Yet the same crime has been committed two thousand times over. Quite possibly the other kidnapped babies were suffering from colds and they were certainly as much beloved by their parents as the Lindbergh baby.

The fact that no publicity accompanied the two thousand earlier cases explains why the mass excitement that has surrounded this two thousand and first case leaves a mixed impression. Attention has been focused much less on the dangers that have threatened the baby than on its father. This interest is not the expression of a conscious feeling of solidarity that causes all members of the community to feel the same responsibility, but represents worship of the national hero, of one man, one man in a million. It does not prove that human life is highly esteemed in America. It proves only that the cult of ocean flyers has been pushed to tremendous proportions. Perhaps the emotion springs from one of those noble impulses of which any nation is capable, but here it is devoted to pursuing wealth and fame.

Children play an important part in American films. People savor their sweetness as if they were lollipops, but as long as this feeling translates itself into action only in the case of some special baby the reality in which this action occurs needs to be transformed still further.

The staid and sober London *Economist* contained a single paragraph entitled 'L'Affaire Lindbergh' that sums up the situation just about perfectly:—

The kidnapping of Colonel Lindbergh's baby forms a story that holds more than the poignancy of personal grief and more than the mere newspaper sensationalism that has made a seven days' wonder of this outrage on the household of America's popular idol. The inability of the police to find the slightest trace of the missing child, the appeals by Colonel Lindbergh to the underworld, and the despairing recourse to the services of two well-known gangsters as potential intermediaries in negotiations with the undisclosed leaders of a supposed kidnapping 'racket'—the whole extraordinary chronicle is a curiously revealing commentary on one angle of the social life of the United States. American 'big business,' individualist by strong inclination and tradition, has stood consistently for a weak, compliant administration. The nation-wide organization of 'rackets' is the price that the public is now paying for that policy. From the doctrines of '100 per cent pure' American capitalism, on the basis of unrestricted private enterprise, it is no very long step to Al Capone.

Panic-Stricken New York

HAROLD BUTCHER, New York correspondent of the Laborite *Daily Herald* of London, has written a lurid dispatch describing the 'city of dread and delight' in which he lives. If any of our readers have been disturbed by the alarmist note that we sometimes strike in our editorial comments, Mr. Butcher's account of the city in which they are produced will go far toward providing an explanation:—

The panic has New Yorkers beaten. It is so hard to dramatize. Bread lines are depressing. Men who stop you on the street and ask for 'a dime for a cup o' cawfee' are drab. If it were not for the Communists there would be no drama. But the Communists have a keen sense of drama, in common with His Honor the Mayor. Nobody believed that anything ought to be

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done about the depression until they gathered at Union Square—New York's nearest approach to the Marble Arch corner of Hyde Park—and were badly beaten up and arrested by the cops.

That's history now. To-day they are leading campaigns for unemployment insurance and resisting evictions of the poor who have not paid their rent. Everything the Reds do is 'evil'; but after long delay the useful part of their plans is adopted. And they always provide reading matter for the newspapers as a change from everlasting gang wars. Gang wars get so deadly dull; the only thing that changes is the name of the victim.

New York is n't the least bit Communist, but the routing of a Communist demonstration by cops on foot and horseback interests the crowd. It provides movement, excitement, and there is always the chance that someone will get hurt. The daily life of the New Yorker is described in a zigzag of vertical and horizontal lines. In the morning he rises from his bed, descends to street and subway, rises to the umpteenth floor of a skyscraper office building, does things with figures, descends to the street for lunch, up again for more work, down again for dinner, and so on for other little elevator ups and downs until he reclines horizontally in his bed. That, in geometrical terms, is his life if he has a job. Eight hundred thousand people have no jobs, and their life is mainly horizontal. No jamming into subways and elevators for them. They have nothing to do; nowhere to go. Churches, missions, welfare agencies are working overtime doling out relief. The much-advertised hunger riots have not broken out—yet. The winter has been mild, and the men who can just manage to get along are too listless to revolt. Prosperity is around the corner! We have just about touched bottom!

Theatres will tell you that times are bad. But times are not bad for brilliant plays well acted. Burlesques flourish not because people's tastes have degenerated; they flourish because they are cheaper—much cheaper—than musical comedies, which have always been far too expensive in New York, especially when ticket sharks have bought from the theatres and charged the public their own fancy prices.

The people who like plays more than musical comedies still go to plays; and they are good plays.

New York is really New York at night. The city turns out to be amused.

Two of the tsars who dominate the city's night sports are Englishmen—James J. Johnston, who bosses Madison Square Garden, and Edward W. Whitwell, who runs the New York Coliseum. When Schmeling signed for a bout with Sharkey, Johnston sat between them.

Wrestling—fierce, wild, primitive—is having a boom just now, and Jim Londos, a Greek, has triumphed again and again on the mat at the Garden and the Coliseum. Cheering, yelling, booing crowds by the thousands occupy New York boxing and wrestling ring sides and arenas.

The days of the panic? Yes; but New York must be thrilled by violent sport and action. The metropolis of mankind pushes the panic aside in the pursuit of pleasure.

War with Japan?

SECRETARY STIMSON'S letter to Senator Borah on the subject of Japan's invasion of China brought forth an important editorial in the *China Weekly Review*. This paper, edited in Shanghai by Americans of liberal, pro-Chinese tendencies, fears that a Japanese-American war is more than likely and makes these prophecies as to future developments:—

If Mr. Stimson's letter means anything, and the *Review* is of the opinion that it does, it means that America will almost immediately commence to prepare itself for the struggle which eventually must come. War between the United States and Japan is not going to come next week or next year, but unless Japan begins to retrace its steps such a conflict is bound to come. Such being the case, it is interesting to discuss the subject of whether such a conflict will be a single combat or a tournament. The present indications are that it will be the latter. It would indeed be a strange anomaly to see Bolshevist Russia and republican America lined up on the same side in an international

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conflict, but, just as home politics make strange bedfellows, so do international politics.

The *Review* has no sympathy whatever with the Bolshevist form of government, and particularly abhors the terroristic methods by which its régime was initiated and for several years maintained in Russia. But we feel that the correct attitude to take toward Soviet Russia is that we as Americans are convinced that the republican form of government as exemplified in the United States is in every way superior to the Soviet system and that when it comes to a real test Soviet propaganda in America will fall flat as a pancake. Not having anything to fear from Bolshevism, America's attitude should be: distribute all the pamphlets you like, as many as you feel like wasting your money on; we've got something better and are not 'biting.' Incidentally, a little competition on their merits between the Soviet and republican systems might not be a bad thing for republican America itself. The weakness of much of America's republicanism is due not to the lack of a proper ideal but to the lack of faithful adherence to its principles.

It will not have escaped the attention of people throughout the world that Japan has caused most of its destruction in China, both in Manchuria and in the Shanghai area, by means of aërial bombs. Japan has strengthened this arm of its service most thoroughly. Any future contest between America and Japan will naturally be a test not so much of sea power—that is still important—as of air power. The possibilities of an eventual war between Japan and America were much discussed already two decades ago and even earlier. The present crisis will undoubtedly bring to public attention again the writings of Homer Lea on this point.

Two decades ago the general feeling about a war between Japan and America was that they were so far apart that they could not get at each other. Things are different today, however. The contact will come in the air. But some say that America will not attempt in the case of an eventual war to bring an army to the Far East to fight the Japanese. Why not? Kaiser Wilhelm used to think that an American army on European soil was an impossibility. But events proved otherwise, and the army got across the Atlantic quickly when the decision was once taken.

Modern warfare consists mainly of three elements: man power, the ability to produce war material, and unity of purpose. In the present conflict between China and Japan, China scores only as regards the first-mentioned point. We confidently say that, as between America and Japan, America scores on all three. When the works of Henry Ford, General Motors, Willys-Overland, Chrysler, and a few others once begin building airplanes in earnest, thousands daily, and when the General Electric and Westinghouse, instead of supplying material to the Japanese for hundreds of millions of dollars on credit, place their facilities at the disposal of the U. S. Government, and when the United States Steel Corporation, the Bethlehem Steel Works, and the others begin producing war material, it will not be an impossibility at all for a stage to be reached at which an American army could fly across the Pacific, not necessarily in one stage, probably not, but by easy stages, first to Honolulu, then to Guam, and then to the Philippines. Japan's few hundred planes will look puny alongside what America can produce in this respect.

The Filipinos have no illusions as to the fact that their islands will be the scene of conflict if a war should break out between America and Japan. North of the Philippines lies Formosa, the island possession that the Japanese took from the Chinese, and this would be the next scene of American attack. The fact that in modern days Japan would not have the ghost of a show in case of war against America, with its manufacturing capacity, should be referred to in American newspapers and magazines, together with the reasons why, more frequently than it is. Such a course would not be conducive to warfare. It would probably prevent it.

That the American Government intends to maintain the 'open-door' policy in the Far East may be inferred from the fact that orders were given at Washington March 1 to concentrate the main strength of the United States Navy in the Pacific.

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A somewhat similar manœuvre was invoked at the time of the Shantung controversy with Japan in 1919. The ostensible purpose of this concentration of American warships in the Pacific is for 'manœuvring' purposes. The Pacific strength of the United States navy will consist of 12 battleships, 17 cruisers, 33 submarines, 81 destroyers, 3 aircraft carriers, and 56 auxiliaries—total: 202. The Atlantic Coast will thus be left practically denuded. In the course of an editorial on February 6 the *Review* stated: 'It would relieve the pressure on Shanghai very considerably if the American fleet now concentrating for manœuvres in Hawaii waters were to steam a few days in a generally northwestern direction.' It is not at all an impossibility that this is what is going to happen.

Ervine on O'Neill

ST. JOHN ERVINE has written a series of three long articles for the London *Observer* dealing with Eugene O'Neill's new play, *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Here is his final and unflattering verdict, as expressed in the last paragraph of the last article:—

There is, I repeat, a poet in Mr. O'Neill, though his note is becoming fainter and fainter. I once called him the Marlowe of America, preparing the path for its Shakespeare, and I believe that description to be still true. He, too, like Marlowe, sprawls and is humorless and inclined to let the ideologist in him usurp the place of the artist, but the artist is there. He cannot be found in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, in which there is not a single sentence which glows with the poet's passion. From beginning to end of this long play, there is not one speech that is memorable or quickened by the fire that burns in every poet's heart. Yet O'Neill is a poet, inflamed by a singer's ecstasy. Can the poet be recovered, or is he to founder in a puddle of pseudo-science? The question is still debatable. He is not yet drowned, although his efforts to escape from a watery grave seem to grow feebler. What he most terribly needs is a shock such as Saul received on the road to Damascus. If he can be temporarily blinded by a vision from heaven, the poet in him will emerge and overcome and kill the peddler of second-hand thoughts. When that occurs to him, he will no longer see men as beasts walking under the elms. He will learn, first, that elms are beautiful, and, secondly, that men still aspire to be gods. Caliban, undoubtedly, was a low type, but he looked up to Miranda, and in that upward glance at beauty he showed that he had in him the power to shed the beast. Mr. O'Neill will not admire the effort man has made to climb out of the mud, but stands gloomily by, exclaiming, 'You're dirty! You're dirty!' and, not content with thus reviling the creature who toilsomely emerges from the slime, runs at him and tries to push him back into it! Is that work for a poet?

Bertrand Russell on America

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S answer to the question, 'Will Capitalism Crash?' which the radical *New Leader* of London submitted to several leading Englishmen, dealt chiefly with the future of the United States. His prophecy, though brief, is not without significance:—

I do not think the present economic system will be changed radically within the next fifty years. Capitalism is supported in Europe by France, and in the world by the United States. The latter, if not the former, is stable. I think there will be increasing organization, national and international, within the framework of capitalism.

I think it possible that within the next ten years Europe east of the Rhine may throw in its lot with Russia, but Communism as the leading world system cannot be established without the help of the United States, and in that country I expect to see capitalism survive for fifty years at least.

The transition in the United States, when it comes, is likely to be very sanguinary, and will, perhaps, destroy that country as a civilized power. If Germany becomes Communist, it is probable that civilization will survive under Communist leadership.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ONE of the most remarkable letters that has ever reached us comes from a Minnesota 'land man' who not only pays us a welcome compliment but gives a striking description of present conditions in the Western farming states:—

BENSON, MINNESOTA

TO THE EDITOR:—

Since or beginning with the November number I have read your magazine. I got it at the Public Library. It's strange that I did n't know of your magazine. It covers just exactly the things I wanted to know and find out and yet in my efforts to get such information I could n't find any that I could depend and rely on.

I have become so interested in it that I have gotten others to read it. I got it out to several farmers and they have been coming back thanking me for the information. They surely appreciated it.

If I could afford it I would have it in preference to any I know of and to those I have now. A little later on I will send you my subscription. I wish, if you had two or three March numbers to spare, that I could circulate them among a few readers that I know. Maybe I can get you a few subscriptions, and I want them to read it. Your magazine would certainly change public opinion for the better.

I have been a successful land man for years but conditions have been so bad so long that everybody in this, the finest agricultural section of Minnesota or of the U. S., is either just hanging on to the last straw or under. I know hundreds of families two generations, who mostly started on lands in Illinois, then moved to Iowa and Minnesota, good thrifty, industrious people who never speculated, who bought farm homes and paid for them gradually, and now after years of successful work they either have lost or are about to lose everything they have acquired. When the Federal Reserve Bank in 1921 or 1922 notified the banks that it would not rediscount farm paper of any kind, it struck like lightning and the decline has continued ever since in agriculture. The farmer is the real buyer of this country. If his products were worth more, the industries of this country would n't need to be raking Europe with a fine comb trying to get trade. The actual trade is here in this country, ready to keep the mills working day and night, if there was a reasonable market for the products of the farm. Now whose fault is it that we have n't such a market? High tariffs is one reason, high finance by the big bankers in New York City, who control all the banking interests of this country as well as the Federal Reserve and railroads.

For instance, Hoover's pet Reconstruction Finance Corporation by its helping finance railroad bonds is an indirect tax on all agricultural land of one to two dollars per acre in increased freight rates. The railroads must deflate like everything else and go into hands of receivers to take the water out of their systems. That would bring lower rates and better business and they would n't need to cut labor and they could compete with the truck hauling. I know from experienced railroad men that even now, by the increased rates and cut in wages, the railroads are doomed to receiverships. Who will own these bonds and the roads when this takes place, which is soon to come? High finance made these burdens what they are to the public, not the farmer; he ships everything and buys everything. He is the buying power and no one else. I can show you how, since the Interstate Commerce Commission, the freight rates have increased the direct tax on land from $2.00 to $6.00 per acre in the hauling of products to markets. It's greater than any other tax on land, several times over.

I am intimately acquainted with conditions in six of the best agricultural states in the Union. I know the land history, the people, their gradual success, the changes in farming, the growth of towns and country (merchants), a safe, sane construction, and all at once, anyway in short space of time, this whole structure goes to smash. What happened to everything? The entire country and population are broke, rich and poor alike now, and no prospect of a future. People in their silence are thinking as they never thought before. They are hard pressed on every side for existence. They are educated, reasonable, living in hope, but deep down in their inner selves is not so good a feeling. The farmer has lost all hope in politics. It will be a burning hot campaign, but he knows politics won't do him any good. He has absolutely no confidence in the banks. He is in a spirit of distrust. So what is going to happen I don't know if things don't come some better.

Yours very truly,

S. D. WILMERS

One of the items in our 'As Others See Us' department for November has brought us an indignant letter from Frederick L. Her-

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ron, foreign manager of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. The offending 'editorial,' as Mr. Herron calls it, quoted the film critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*, who quoted the producers' blurbs that accompanied certain American films and made the usual British complaint against the corrupting influence of America. Our readers do not need to be told that we do not endorse any of the comments that we choose from the foreign press, but they may be interested to find how a leading figure in one of the chief American industries defends his products against foreign criticism:—

NEW YORK CITY

TO THE EDITOR:—

Remembering your kindly reaction to a letter I wrote you last May, I am encouraged to comment on another editorial from THE LIVING AGE presenting British opinion of American motion pictures.

In this country we have praise and censure. A lamentable fact is that most of the criticism comes from people who seldom see pictures. In Great Britain, of course, to the criticism comparable to that here there is added the prejudice bred of commercial jealousy.

I sometimes wonder, though, at the apparent absence of American pride in the superiority of the American picture as demonstrated by its acclaim throughout the whole world. Certainly the caption of this editorial, 'The Outrageous American Film,' hardly indicates a friendly interest or that your purpose was entirely to present foreign opinion as such. The film critic of the London *Daily Telegraph* selected from the advertising of forty-eight pictures six that seemed to him most objectionable. I concede that the advertising quoted was unfortunate. When you know that among these forty-eight pictures were included *Delicious*, *Over the Hill*, and *Merely Mary Ann*, you will concede his bias, nor can he well be thought ignorant of the fact that advertising copy features the spectacular aspects of every production. Probably of more interest is the reception of the pictures themselves. Two of them, *In Her Arms* and *Lipstick*, have not yet been released. Three of the four that have been released—*Bad Girl*, *The Yellow Ticket*, and *The Midnight Cruise*, which was changed to *The Spider*—have been endorsed as excellent entertainment by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the International Federation of Catholic Alumnæ, the American Association of University Women, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and similar groups.

Nor can the critic of the London *Daily Telegraph* be blind to the appeal of this type of advertising to the British public. I do not want to condone it. But it should be criticized on its own merit and not be made the basis of an attack upon the pictures it represents or upon American motion pictures in general. As it may be of interest to you, I enclose a copy of the Advertising Code which had just been brought into effect when these advertisements were issued and which subsequently altered the majority of them before their public use in connection with the picture.

Our producers still have before them a vivid remembrance of *The Cockeyed World*. It was viciously criticized here and abroad on the ground of its moral implications; its advertising was attacked. Yet the box-office receipts for this picture in the British Isles were greater than for any American picture heretofore released in England.

May I quote you the opinion of Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, member of the Committee of the House of Commons, in reference to American films which someone, just as this critic, had characterized as indecent:—

'No, sir, that's all wrong. American morality on and off the films is quite all right. They are the most strait-laced people in the universe. Anything that gets put over in America we sha'n't criticize from the standpoint of morality.

'I am shocked at some films. I actually have to walk out of the theatre sometimes, but they are not American films. . . .

'Leave me my American films. Don't let us shut down the only stream of moral influence coming into this country. . . . But let's get away from the idea that American films are immoral. Dull they may be. Sentimental, sloppy, and sob stuff you do get from America, but immorality, never.'

I am amazed at the temerity of some of our British friends when I look upon the comparative record of our own pictures and theirs as determined by their own colonials in Australia. The Chief Censor of that Commonwealth reported for the year 1929 as follows:—

FEATURE FILMS

IMPORTED FROM:	PER CENT OF TOTAL	PER CENT REJECTED
United States	79.2	4.2
United Kingdom	11.6	8.2
Other countries	9.2	20.4

Even though the vast majority of the pictures came from America, twice as large a percentage of British pictures were rejected. Basically, per-

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haps, the situation against which I am protesting may be due to an intrinsically fine American attitude. If a commendatory dispatch arrives from abroad, you may assume that is as it should be. Criticism, on the other hand, should be made known to the public. Practically, the result is vicious in that the foreign press, for its own purposes, picks up and uses against our pictures abroad every critical item that appears in our papers and periodicals.

The whole occasion for writing you is to raise the question whether you might not be happier were you to do a little 'rooting for the home team'?

Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK L. HERRON

One of the editorial notes in our January issue brings us this letter of protest from the Lithuanian Minister in Washington:—

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO THE EDITOR:—

Recently the Permanent Court of International Justice, having been called upon by the League of Nations to settle a certain point in the Lithuanian-Polish dispute, held that Lithuania is not obliged to open and maintain traffic on a railway line which was closed by Lithuania as a protest against the occupation by Poland of the Lithuanian capital, Vilna. In the January 1932 issue of your publication I find on page 383, in what I take to be your editorial review, entitled 'The World Over,' the following comment anent this decision of the World Court:—

'Polish differences with Lithuania date back to the seizure of Vilna, the former Lithuanian capital, by Polish troops in 1920. Since that time the two countries have suspended diplomatic relations and Lithuania has refused all offers to renew them. Lately the World Court decided that Lithuania was not obliged to maintain traffic on the line that runs to Poland, whereupon Lithuanian orators and journalists proclaimed that the country would once again include Smolensk, Minsk, Kiev, and Brest-Litovsk, as it did when it was a feudal grand duchy. Compared with such fantastic claims, even the outbursts of Polish patriots sound moderate, and, in spite of Lithuania's real grievance over the Vilna matter, she is taking an impossible attitude.'

I do not know on what evidence the charge is made that Lithuanian orators and journalists lay claim to Smolensk, Minsk, or Kiev. Neither do I know why Lithuania (in contradistinction to journalists and orators) is accused of taking such an 'impossible attitude.' What I do know is the fact that neither the Lithuanian Government, nor any responsible person in Lithuania (journalists included), has ever made such a claim.

In 1919 I was a member of the Lithuanian Delegation to the Peace Conference in Paris. From 1919 until 1928 I held responsible positions in the Foreign Office: that of Director of the Political Department and Undersecretary. Naturally, it was my duty to handle such matters as territorial claims. And I never heard of the claim you mention in your article. Although Lithuania is, perhaps, in a better position to claim the above cities and territories (on historical grounds) than Poland is to claim Vilna, or any of the above mentioned cities, yet the new Lithuania has never made such a claim. What Lithuania has claimed, and does claim, is the territory where the population, in its majority, is ethnically Lithuanian.

The embodiment of this claim is the territory within the boundaries agreed upon between Lithuania and Russia and fixed by the Peace Treaty signed on July 12, 1920, at Moscow. This territory includes the Lithuanian capital, Vilna, and the so-called Vilna territory that was forcibly seized by Poland on October 9, 1920, in contravention of the Agreement of Suwalki, signed by Poland and Lithuania just two days before that date.

Since that time there has existed an uninterrupted 'difference' between Lithuania and Poland, as evidenced by the continuous political litigation in the League of Nations.

The Lithuanians felt that they were not getting a fair deal at the hands of the League of Nations, where political influences were unavoidable. Their feeling was that they were claiming a verdict of elementary justice and were getting from the League decisions based on political expediency.

When, recently, a certain part of this litigation reached, for the first time, the World Court and was acted upon without interference of political considerations, the decision was in favor of Lithuania.

No wonder then that the Lithuanians, who for the last ten years had been in the position of the proverbial under dog kicked around by 'higher international considerations,' were now rejoicing that 'Justice had not yet perished from the earth . . .' They took new courage in that belief. But they *never* laid any such claims as charged above—even in this hour of their perhaps too optimistic jubilation.

I may repeat most emphatically that neither the Government nor the Lithuanian press made any such claim; and I am certain that no responsible orator could claim what was claimed by no one since the declaration of the independence of Lithuania.

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But what they demanded on this occasion, and will demand on any and all occasions in the future, is the return of their national capital, Vilna, and the territory of which they were forcibly and unjustly deprived by Poland. And that is, as you yourself admit, a 'real grievance.'

In view of the above, may I be permitted to ask you, Mr. Editor, to absolve Lithuania of the offense of pressing 'fantastic claims' and assuming 'an impossible attitude'? If you do so, then I believe that the 'outbursts of Polish patriots' also will not sound so moderate. . . .

Very sincerely yours,
B. K. BALUTIS

We are sorry if our statement as to the claims of certain orators and journalists gave Mr. Balutis the impression that his government was officially laying such claims, and we are glad to take this opportunity to present his rejoinder.

One of America's most distinguished and active Socialists points out a significant error in André Levinson's article on German literature in our April issue:—

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR:—

In your April issue there is an article, 'Germany's Literary Revenge,' by André Levinson (from *Je Suis Partout*).

On page 164 I find these words: 'Sieburg remarks, "It is impossible to arrive at a Franco-German synthesis," though you will search for these words in vain in the French translation of his book.'

On page 317 of *Dieu, est-il Français?*, the French translation of *Gott in Frankreich*, are these words: 'Mais il est impossible de définir dès à présent une synthèse franco-allemande.'

Surely the Franco-German friction is bad enough without exaggerating it by sheer misrepresentation.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE

That the depression is officially at an end is proved by the following important communication mailed to us from Indianapolis:—

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

'DEARS':—

Are you a member of the JOY COMMITTEE? We need everyone these days. Push, pull, or get out of the way! Is *any*one you know hungry? Better make 'Joy' than *more* money.

Respectfully,
A. E. WINTERS
Member of the JOY COMMITTEE

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

department. In this issue we present some of his little essays that first appeared in a Socialist weekly, *La Lumière*, and that were later presented in *Libre Propos*, a monthly periodical. 'Alain' is important not only as a writer of distinction but as a literary force. While the nationalist press of Paris is shouting bloody murder the best minds in France and large sections of the provincial population want peace and justice above all things. In our fear of French militarism we tend to forget that many regiments in the French army were on the verge of mutiny during the War and that it would not be an easy matter to arouse the martial spirit in a country that within the last twenty years has lost a million of its sons on the battlefield.

EVENTS happen so unexpectedly in the Far East that we must confine our treatment of the situation out there to background articles. Just as we tend to forget that France is not entirely composed of militarists, so we also forget that Japan, for all its nationalism, has profound religious traditions. Georges Bonneau's translations of some of the legends and doctrines of Buddha that circulate most widely in Japan give a more sympathetic picture of that nation than the editorial pages of some of our newspapers.

TWO excellent pieces of British humor liven up our pages and serve to remind us that there are some people in England who can still take life with a smile. J. B. Morton, an immensely popular essayist, writes a kind of story about an irritating old creature he met in the Near East. Any of our readers who have traveled in that part of the world will surely recognize the type. Gerald Gould, a prolific journalist and critic, reviews about half a dozen novels a week in the *Observer* and contributes a weekly essay to the *Week-end Review*. His discussion of sales resistance, based on a new English book made up of excerpts from model advertisements, will be appreciated in the nation that has enriched the world's literature with *Ballyhoo*.

JULES ROMAINS, whose real name is Louis Farigoule, is not only one of the most important French novelists now writing but he has done some extraordinary work helping blinded war veterans to see, literally through their skins. His experiments in this field he has described in a book translated into English under the title of *Eyeless Sight* and published some half dozen years ago. Now, however, he is devoting all his energies to literature, having embarked on a ten-volume novel, *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*, the first two volumes of which have just appeared, the next two volumes being expected some time this summer. His article, which we have entitled 'Notes on the Novel,' is really the introduction to his new work, which bids fair to rank with the achievements of Balzac and Proust. Certainly it is one more indication that the French novel has turned away from the bizarre style practised by Morand, Giraudoux, and Maurice Bedel.

AS BRITISH Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain came to know the late M. Briand well and to love him. Together with Stresemann they worked out the celebrated Locarno Pact, for which they were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. We therefore call special attention to Sir Austen's moving and intimate memoirs of M. Briand, which contain several significant revelations.

TWO Americans figure in our 'Persons and Personages' department. Ambassador Mellon's departure for England is discussed by a German diplomat who foresees closer Anglo-American coöperation. T. S. Eliot, who originated in Missouri, attended Harvard, and then took up residence in England, is praised by one of his English readers. Mr. Eliot abandoned his American citizenship and has become, like Henry James before him, a British subject. It is this fact that qualifies him to lecture next year on poetry at his Alma Mater.

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WAR AND PEACE

THE day of leisurely, formal correspondence and dispatch writing is over. The peace of the world will have to be maintained by conference. The intention of the British Government is sincere and disinterested in getting the maximum amount of good will and international coöperation brought to bear upon a solution of these problems. One country cannot do it. Two countries cannot. The policy that we are working out is a policy of coöperation with everybody who is aiming at peace.—*Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister.*

France cannot conceive of a reduction of armaments without the organization of peace. She can therefore neither accept general disarmament nor a leveling of visible armaments that would serve as encouragement to fraud with regard to numbers and potential strength.—*André Tardieu, French Premier.*

Relations with France are difficult, whatever government we have. We have long tried for *rapprochement* with France without success. If Europe is to be tranquil Germany must have an opportunity to live without being under constant pressure from France and without its eastern frontiers being menaced by Poland.—*Dr. Fritz Thyssen, prominent leader of German heavy industry.*

In the recent Far Eastern crisis hesitation and feeble poltroonery have done more damage to the prestige of the League of Nations than anything else that has ever threatened it. It was only the resistance and courage of those Chinese troops and the demands for action by the small nations of the Assembly that saved the situation.—*David Lloyd George.*

Our existing treaties are steel hoops around a powder magazine, which is Japan, and each new one intensifies the violence of a potential explosion.—*Kinnosuke Adachi, Japanese journalist.*

Should China be crushed, whose turn will be next? Is there no way to check the cold-blooded pursuit of a mad policy of aggression? Are all the forces of peace in the world really powerless to end it? If Japanese militarism is permitted to run rampant and to continue to work its havoc, what kind of future can we contemplate for the remainder of the world?—*Wellington Koo, former Chinese Foreign Minister.*

It is absurd to suppose that France could ever establish any domination over the Danubian countries, but it is certain that Germany, which is well placed to exercise constant pressure, seeks to reign again in Mitteleuropa.—*'Journal des Débats,' organ of French heavy industries.*

The Treaty of Versailles was one of the worst international settlements ever made.—*Walter Runciman, President of the British Board of Trade.*

The individual capitalist, finding no way out from the crisis, may shoot himself. Capitalism as a whole, also finding no way out, prefers to shoot others. Japanese imperialism shoots workers and peasants by thousands to climb out from the crisis upon piles of corpses.—*'Pravda,' official organ of the Russian Communist Party.*

Whereas some weeks ago I read many criticisms suggesting that British policy had failed to keep step with the United States, I have the best reason for saying that now, after what I know has seemed to some an unhappily long period, we have reached a point in this matter where we are able to say that the United States are joining with ourselves and other great powers in the Far East in endeavoring to promote the essential purposes which belong to the League of Nations and the Pact of Paris.—*Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary.*

The conditions at home and abroad are increasing in difficulty daily and the responsibility which the imperial troops face in these circumstances is mounting gradually. Under these conditions, upon returning home you must train yourselves sufficiently to be ready to rally to the call immediately when things happen.—*General Yoshinori Shirakawa, in an address to Japanese troops.*

All Europe is playing a sly game of diplomacy, as before the World War. France and Italy have created the same dangerous rings in the Balkans, where international hatreds are encouraged. Japan has been able to grab Manchuria, it is to be supposed, because one European power that fears Russia wants Japan at her back and because the peace machinery, the economic outlawry of any nation trying to make war, has not been called into effect to set a precedent.—*Miguel de Unamuno, Spanish philosopher.*

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